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Hide-and-Go-Seek.

Happiness has found me out—
Found me out at last!
Oh, she's dogged me round about;
All my hurrying life she's chased me,
Treading hard and hot she's faced me,
Almost touched me, all but faced me—
Here she is at last!

Wary were you, Happiness!
Patient to the last!
From your thankless business
Laggard Time has come to free you.
Always driven by Fate to flee you,
Never did I think to see you
Track me down at last!

Cheerfulness.

The world goes up and the world goes down,
And the sunshine follows the rain;
And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown
Can never come over again,
Sweet wife,
No, never come over again.

For woman is warm though man be cold,
And the night will hallow the day;
Till the heart which at even was weary and old,
Can rise in the morning gay,
Sweet wife,
To its work in the morning gay.

A STORY FOR HUSBANDS.

Andrew Lee came home from his shop, where he had worked hard all day, tired and out of spirits; came home to his wife, who was also tired and out of spirits.

"A smiling wife and a cheerful home—a paradise it would be," said Andrew to himself, as he turned his eyes from the clouded face of Mrs. Lee, and sat down with knitted brows and moody aspect.

Not a word was spoken by either; Mrs. Lee was getting supper, and she moved about with a weary step.

"Come," she said at last, with a side glance at her husband.

Andrew rose and went to the table. He was tempted to speak an angry word, but controlled himself and kept silent. He could find no fault with the chop, nor the homemade bread, nor the fragrant tea. They would have cheered his inward man if there had been a gleam of sunshine on the face of his wife. He noticed that she did not eat.

"Are you not well, Mary?"

These words were on his lips; but he did not utter them, for the face of his wife looked so repellant, that he feared an irritating reply.

And so, in moody silence, the twain sat together until Andrew had finished his supper.

As he pushed his chair back his wife arose and commenced clearing off the table.

"This is purgatory!" said Lee to himself, as he commenced walking the floor of their little breakfast-room, with his hands thrust into his trowsers pockets and his chin almost touching his breast.

After removing and taking things into the kitchen, Mrs. Lee spread a green cover over the table, and placing a fresh-trimmed lamp thereon, went out and shut the door after her, leaving her husband alone with his unpleasant feelings. He took a long, deep breath as she did so, paused in his walk, stood still for some moments, and then drawing a paper from his pocket, sat down by the table, opened the sheet and commenced reading. Singularly enough, the words upon which his eyes rested were "Praise your wife." They rather tended to increase the disturbance of mind from which he was suffering.

"I should like to find some occasion for praising mine." How quickly his thoughts expressed that ill-natured sentiment! But his eyes were on the paper before him and he read on:

"Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake, give her a little encouragement. It won't hurt her."

Andrew Lee raised his eyes from the paper and muttered, "Oh, yes, that's all very well—praise is cheap enough. But praise her for what? For being sullen and making her home the most disagreeable place in the world? His eyes fell again to the paper.

"She has made your home comfortable, your heart bright and shining, your food agreeable; for pity's sake tell her you thank her, if nothing more. She don't expect it. It will make her eyes wider than they have been for ten years; but it will do her good for all that, and you too."

It seemed to Andrew as if this sentence was written expressly for him and just for the occasion. It was a complete answer to this question, "Praise her for what?" and he felt it also as a rebuke. He read no further, for thoughts came too busy, and in a new direction. Memory was convincing him of injustice to his wife. She had always made her home as comfortable for him as she could make it, and had he offered the light return of praise or commendation? Had he ever told her of the satisfaction he had known or the comfort he had experienced? He was not able to recall the time or occasion. As he thought thus Mrs. Lee came in from the kitchen, and taking her workbasket from the closet placed it on the table, and sitting down without speaking began to sew. Mr. Lee glanced almost stealthily at the work in her hands, and saw that it was the bosom of a shirt, which she was stitching neatly. He knew that it was for him she was at work.

"Praise your wife!" These words were before the eyes of his mind, and he could not look away from them. But he was not ready for this yet. He still felt moody and unforgiving. The expression of his wife's face he interpreted to mean ill-nature, for which he had no patience. His eyes fell upon the newspaper that was lying spread out before him, and he read the sentence, "A kind, cheerful word spoken in a gloomy house, is the little rift in the cloud that lets the sunshine through."

Lee struggled with himself a while longer.

His own ill-nature had to be conquered first; his moody, accusing spirit had to be subdued.

He thought of many things to say, and yet he feared to say them lest his wife should meet his address with a rebuff. At last, leaning toward her, and taking hold upon the shirt-bosom at which she was at work, he said in a voice that was carefully modulated with kindness:

"You are doing the work beautifully, Mary."

Mrs. Lee made no reply. But her husband did not fail to notice that she lost, almost instantly, that rigid erectness with which she had been sitting, nor that the motion of her needle had ceased.

"My shirts are better made and whiter than those of any other man in the shop," said Lee, encouraged to go on.

"Are they?"

Mrs. Lee's voice was low, and had in it a slight huskiness. She did not turn her face, but her husband saw that she leaned a little towards him. He had broken the ice of reserve, and all was now easy. His hand was among the clouds, and a feeble ray was already struggling through the rift it had made.

"Yes, Mary," he answered, softly, "and I've heard it more than once what a good wife Andrew Lee must have."

Mrs. Lee turned her face toward her husband. There was something light in it and light in her eye. But there was something in the expression of the countenance that a little puzzled him.

"Do you think so?" she asked quite soberly.

"What a queer question!" ejaculated Andrew Lee, starting up and going round to the side of the table where his wife was sitting. "What a question, Mary!" he repeated, as he stood before her.

"Do you?" was all she said.

"Yes, darling!" was his warm-spoken answer, and he stooped down and kissed her. "How strange that you should ask me such a question."

"If you would only tell me so, now and then, Andrew, it would do me good." Mrs. Lee arose, and leaning her face against the manly breast of her husband, stood and wept.

What a strong light broke in on the mind of Andrew Lee! He had never given his wife even the small reward of praise for the loving interest she had manifested daily, until doubt of his love had entered her soul, and made the light around her thick darkness. No wonder that her face grew clouded, or that what he considered moodiness and ill-nature took possession of her spirit.

"You are good and true, Mary, my own dear wife. I am proud of you, and my first desire is for your happiness. Oh, if I could always see your face in sunshine, my home would be the dearest place on earth."

"How precious to me are your words of love and praise, Andrew," said Mrs. Lee, smiling up through her tears into his face. "With them in my ears, my heart can never lie in shadow."

How easy had been the work for Andrew Lee! He had swept his hand across the cloudy horizon, and now the bright sunshine was streaming down and flooding that home with joy and beauty.

The Parsees.

The Parsees, says an India missionary, are divided into two sects, not on a point of religion, but on a matter of chronology. When saying their prayers it is necessary for them to name the year, the month, and the day on which they pray. The dispute exists over the uncertainty as to the year the prophet of the Parsee was born. The costume of the Parsee is in accordance with the climate, being very simple, the children wearing a gown reaching to the ankles and belted in at the waist. Contact with other nationalities has somewhat altered the style as worn by the ancients. Every year tends to modernize them, as they readily copy after the the Europeans, both in dress, manners, and education. Formerly they ate from a large brazen bowl, in which the food had been cast indiscriminately; now they have tables and chairs and other accessories which accompany a European dinner. They, however, never eat in company with the women, a custom undoubtedly derived from the Hindoos, but they are good and affectionate husbands, and the women occupy a much more honorable position among them than they do with the Hindoos. Owing to the alliances made by the parents, marriages of affections seldom take place. The marriage of children is attended with great pomp, and among the poorer classes often proves disastrous pecuniarily. The manner of disposing of the dead is very peculiar. When the physicians announce that there is no hope of recovery, the body is washed and arrayed in clean clothes and religious consolation given. After death the body is taken to what is called the Tower of Silence, generally erected or a mountain, and there exposed to vultures (kept for the purpose) who eat the flesh off the bones, which drop through an iron grating into a pit, from whence they are removed. Burying or burning the body is never practiced. The religion of the Parsees, as expounded by the Prophet Zoroaster, recognizes but one God, without form and invisible. To him is adjudged a place above all, and to him is every praise to be given for all the good in the world. Purity of speech, purity of thought, and purity of action is the principle on which the whole religious structure of the Parsee is built.

The Black Hills.

The publication of the results of Gen. Custer's explorations of the Black Hills country has excited much interest East and West. Gen. Forsyth's letter and diary have been widely read. In the Chicago *Tribune* he writes from Bear Butte:

The two miners we have with us tell me that that they found "color" in every pan of dirt they washed near Harney's Peak; that the diggings there in Custer's Gulch will pay $10 per day now; that they only had two or three days in which to prospect, as we kept moving so fast, but that, in their opinion, when the Eastern Hills are rightly prospected gold will be found there in abundance. I am inclined to think so, for the very roots of the grass would pan 5 cents to the pan in our camp near Harney's Peak.

There have been signs of a gold fever here as the consequence of these discoveries. Expeditions are now forming in this city and at different points in Iowa, Dakota, and Wyoming, to go to the new diggings. They have forgotten these lands are secured as a reservation to the Sioux Indians, and that they have no right to enter them. Gen. Sheridan, through his Adjutant-General, recalls this fact to their notice in an order published as follows:

"The Lieutenant-General commanding, directs me to say that unofficial information has reached these headquarters, of the organization of parties at Sioux City, Yankton, and Bismarck, to invade the Sioux Indian Reservation, with the view of visiting the country known as the Black Hills. Should such information be correct, you will please notify to such parties, that they will not be permitted to go unless under authority from the Hon. Secretary of the Interior or Congress."

A Mexican Town.

A recent letter-writer says that one Mexican town will generally serve as a pattern for all, though there may sometimes be individual departures from the rule. The oddest feature of Mexican houses is the spouts which carry off the rain from the roof. These spouts are of clay-ware, are cylinders, and some two or three inches in diameter at the mouth, which projects over the sidewalk, or where the sidewalk often should be. With their glazed, dark-red color, these conduits look just like so many cannon thrusting their muzzles out some two or three feet from the front wall. The stranger who first sees these spouts can compare them to nothing so fitly as to cannon planted in a breastwork, and thus, as he casts his eyes along a block, the latter looks for all the world like a fort. But let him be underneath them when a genuine Mexican thunder-shower comes on, and the discharge will be of a character that will leave no doubt in his mind either as to quality or quantity. The roofs of houses are here made flat, generally of tiles, overlaid with tin or asphalt, or other kind of material. The floors are of red tiles, some two or three inches thick, and about nine inches square. Some of the ceilings of the better class of houses are formed of tiles of some design or figure, and some of the floor tiles are figured in various patterns.

At a meeting in London to receive a report from the missionaries sent to discover the tribes of Israel, Lord H—— was asked to take the chair. "I take," he replied, "a great interest in your researches, gentlemen. The fact is, I have borrowed money from all the Jews now known, and if you can find a new set I shall feel very much obliged."

A FRONTIER REMINISCENCE.

How George Bodine Lost His Scalp at the Base of Medicine Bow.

The recent arrival of ex-Vice President Colfax in Denver recalls to the mind of a local paper a half-forgotten but never published incident growing out of his trip across the plains in 1864 or 1865. At that time Capt. Humphreville's Company K, of the Eleventh Ohio Cavalry Volunteers, was stationed in garrison at Fort Halleck, a small log fortress on the Overland Stage Line, near the base of Medicine Bow Mountain. When Colfax and his Congressional party passed through Fort Halleck, the writer happened to be one of the detail of four soldiers ordered out as a special escort or scout to follow the illustrious party to Bridger Pass, after which we were instructed to return. Our mission was performed faithfully. We saw the coach with its load of notables go dashing down the other side of the range, and with merry hearts and gleeful voices turned our horses for a gallop back to the fort. As we moved rapidly along through the sage-brush and grease-wood in the valley between Medicine Bow and the Elk Mountains, a flock of sage hens attracted our attention and separated our party. Fatal temptation! We little thought of the danger then so near us, and the horrible fate awaiting the bravest and boldest of the party—poor George Bodine. He had just emptied his carbine at a sage-hen, or grouse, when, with a chorus of horrible whoops and yells, a party of Sioux rode up out of a ravine, which, with the sage-brush, had concealed them from observation, and after discharging a cloud of arrows, mingled with slugs and bullets, at us at long range, galloped toward Bodine, who was by this manœuvre completely cut off from us. We counted sixteen or seventen Indians, and opened fire upon them from a friendly clump of brush in which we sought shelter. Poor George! He realized his danger in a moment; his only hope of safety was in flight. His horse, though tired from its long gallop after the stage-coach, was still able to distance the scrubby ponies of the Sioux, and if he could reach the ferry at North Platte, he would be safe. Alas, for the bravest of comrades, the pride of a proud mother and father, who to this day mour his horrible fate. His horse, frightened by the yells of the red demons in pursuit, and evidently maddened by an arrow or two which had struck it, became unmanageable, and in a fatal moment the bridle-rein broke from one side of the bit. The terrified and now unrestrained brute turned toward us. To reach us it must come in contact with the Sioux. It was an exciting race, but a hopeless one for the poor young soldier. We dashed out to meet him in his fatal race. He came closer to his circling foes. His carbine he threw away and drew his Remington revolver. This he emptied at the Sioux at close range, and two fell headlong from their saddles. We observed him crouch down forward, upon his saddle as if to avoid the coming blows. But it was not for that he crouched. It was the fatal coils of the lariat, or lasso, which the next instant dropped over him, and we heard his heart-piercing shriek as he was dragged backward from his horse, which galloped past us in safety. How poor George suffered while being hacked to pieces by the fifteen red fiends, none can tell. As we galloped away we heard his horrible cries for mercy while his scalp was being torn from his head, and to this day, when thinking of that horrid incident, those screams of agony ring upon the air.

The Sonorous Sand.

W. B. Frink, of Honolulu, has sent some of this strange sand, taken from a bank on the Island of Kauai, to the Academy of Sciences in San Francisco. In his letter he thus describes its peculiarity: The bank which is composed of this sand commences at a perpendicular bluff at the south-west end of the island, and extends one and a half miles almost due south, parallel with the beach, which is about 100 yards distant from the base of the sand-bank. This sand-drift is about 60 feet high, and at the extreme south end of the angle preserves it as steep as the nature of the sand will permit. The bank is constantly extending to the south. It is said by the natives that at the bluff and along the middle of the bank the sand is not sonorous. But at the extreme south end and for half a mile north if you slap two handfuls together there is a sound produced like the low hooting of an owl—more or less sharp, according as the motion is quick or slow. Sit down upon the sand and give one hand a quick circular motion, and the sound is like the heavy bass of a melodeon. Kneel upon the steep incline, extend the two hands and clasp as much sand as possible, slide rapidly down, carrying all the sand you can, and the sound accumulates as you descend until it is like distant thunder. In this experiment the sound was sufficient to frighten our horses, fastened a short distance from the base of the drift. But the greatest sound we produced was by having one native lie down, and another taking him by the feet and dragging him rapidly down the incline, carrying as much sand as possible with them. With this experiment the sound was terrific, and could have been heard many hundred yards distant. With all the experiments that were made, it seemed the sound was in proportion to the amount of sand put in motion with a proportionate velocity. Another consideration seems requisite—that is perfect dryness. The dry sand would sound on the surface, where six inches beneath it was wet; but if any of the wet sand became mingled with the dry, its property of sounding ceased at once. The sand appears to the eye like ordinary beach-sand, but ordinary beach-sand will not produce the sounds. It has been said that it lost its sonorous properties when taken away from the bank. But I can discover no diminishing of its sonorous qualities, even with the bottle uncorked, and we have had rain frequently, and an atmosphere more than ordinarily moist for this time of year. Perhaps if exposed to a very damp atmosphere it might absorb moisture enough to prevent its sounding.

How He Did It.—This was George Butt's way of robbing Matilda Koenig, in Chicago. First he married her. She had saved by hard labor $600, and after her marriage intrusted it to Butt for deposit in her name. He carried the money to the bank and had the book made out in his own name. Mrs. Butt objected to this, and her husband went to the bank and obtained a book in her name, on which he had $60 placed to her credit. But before he carried it to her he added another cipher, and made his wife believe that he had transferred the whole sum to her credit. He then visited the bank a third time, drew out $540, and ran away.

Terre Haute *Express*: When young Mr. Spitzer left home for college he took leave of his mother in this manner: "Mother, I will write often and think of you constantly." When he returned two years later, he remarked to the anxious parent: "Deah mothaw, I gweet you once moah?" Imagine the feelings of a fond mother.

Spurgeon's Church in London.

We got a seat in one of the galleries, says the Danbury man writing of Spurgeon's church in London, and found ourselves in an oblong building with several tiers of galleries, and a wide spread of floor, capable in all of seating 10,000 persons. It was not a particularly attractive building, being merely a succession of sittings wherever we looked. At the end opposite the front, and just below the galleries, was a broad platform. This was the only semblance of a pulpit. There were but a few hundred people present when I entered, and they looked embarrassed and insignificant in the forest of seats. I imagined there was to be but a slim attendance.

When the doors opened the people fairly swarmed in, and for fifteen minutes they fairly piled into the aisles without cessation. But still the building was far from being filled. I grew discouraged. Still they came floating in and filling up, but when a rather large and over-fed looking gentleman came upon the platform from a door under the lowest back-gallery, and everybody about me said, "There he is," the seats were not entirely filled. He gave out the first hymn amid the rustle of dresses, and the shuffling of feet, and it was sung with a will, but there was no interruption to the insetting current of humanity. I don't exactly realize to this day how those seats were filled, because it was done as imperceptibly as a gentle fall of snow hides the earth and blocks up the ways. The hymn was sung, the service read, and other singing followed, and all the while the eager admirers of Spurgeon rained down upon the tabernacle, and when he rose to commence his sermon every seat was filled and the steps which formed the passage-ways between the gallery sests were hidden beneath perspiring but curious humanity. In every direction but the ceiling was a sea of faces and clothing. On the platform with the cause of the great gathering were the officers and many of the prominent men of the church. There was no choir.

Ten thousand people quietly seated, and filled with religious emotions and cologne, is a spectacle rarely vouchsafed to mortal's gaze. Here they were spread out before me like a sheet of fly-paper on a druggist's show case; and all the little eccentricities of a congregation, but rarely noticed in the average gathering, swelled into a volume of startling dimensions in this huge audience.

The change of position, which is but a perceptible rustle in the average body of worshipers, on the close of a prayer or hymn, here became a rustling sound like the breaking away of a great body of water, and the preparatory cough, or hawking, as the hymn was given out, arose from ten thousand throats, and became magnified into a clap of prolonged thunder.

The man who steps on the end of a foot-stool and tips it up, so that it frightens an entire audience, was here multiplied by thirty, with the most cheering success.

And when all the ladies took out their handkerchiefs to wipe their mouths, it seemed so much like a snow storm, that I had put on my hat and pulled it down over my eyes, before realizing my mistake. The turning of the leaves of ten thousand hymn books, need not be described. Any imagination enjoying the most moderate health, can depict the noise without trouble. The nearest thing I can liken it to, is the rolling and breaking of the surf upon a New Hampshire coast.

Mr. Spurgeon is the main object of interest. He is a large man, and a thorough Englishman in appearance. A broad, reddish face, light hair, and a square form—too large for the length. There was nothing particularly attractive about his voice. He preached without notes.

How a Pastor was Duped.

The New York correspondent of the Boston *Journal* writes; "Men and women get coals, liquors, house rent, and rides in the park from a systematic begging for coffin or shroud, or money to bury a poor woman or a dead child. At the eventide, between dawn and dark, the meditations of a city pastor were disturbed by the entrance of a woman. She was out at service, she said, and could only catch odd hours to get out. She attended the pastor's church, and with a companion sat among the lowly in the gallery. Both had been converted the past winter; both wished to be baptized. The sickness of her friend prevented it, and now she had just died. Her companion wished her to call upon the pastor, thank him for his faithfulness, thank him for the great benefits she had derived from his preaching, and to bear her dying request that he should attend her funeral. The street, house, and time was named. The girl wept, and the pastor was deeply effected. The little money of both had been exhausted in the sickness and the preparations for the funeral. Everything was ready but the grave. Was there any society that helped bury the dead? There was none. But the pastor opened his pocket-book and promptly tendered five dollars to complete the arrangements for the funeral. The girl would not touch it—would not think of such a thing. After an earnest plea on the pastor's part, the visitor would take it only as a loan, to be returned in a short time, and with many thanks departed. The pastor entered the remarkable case in his note-book, with which to refresh the saints when they came together. He took a carriage and started for the funeral. He found the street and the house very easily—but, alas! no corpse. Nobody was sick—nobody had died; the girl was not to be found, and the whole was a deliberate plan to get out of the minister five dollars, and the plan was a success."

The Harpers.

John Harper, familiarly known as "Uncle John Harper," the well-known Kentucky stock raiser and distinguished turfman, was of a plain, frugal family of Pennsylvania Dutch origin, though long settled in Kentucky. He was one of five children, only one of whom, a brother, ever married. Another brother, Adam, was killed in 1864 by guerrillas, who visited the house for booty. His brother Jacob and sister Elizabeth were, on the 11th of September, 1871, murdered in their beds by parties still unknown. They had amassed a large property by farming and rearing race horses, all of which became the property of John Harper. He leaves by will his homestead, with 600 acres of the finest blue grass land in Kentucky, together with all his race horses (including Longfellow) to his nephew "Little Frank Harper." John Harper was about 78 years of age.

Hasty Firing.—A French officer, who fought in the Crimea, related to me how an English battalion of infantry destroyed two Russian regiments; the Russians fired incessantly, and did not lose a foot of ground; but they were excited and aimed badly. On the contrary, the English infantry avoided undue haste, took steady aim, and missed scarcely a single shot. The human being is ten times stronger when his pulse continues calm, and when his judgment remains free.

BAYARD TAYLOR IN ICELAND.

An Interesting Letter—Peculiarities of the Island.

If you step on a blossom, it may be an arctic plant, unknown elsewhere; if a bird flies overhead, it is probably an eider duck; if a boy speaks in the street, he may use words made venerable in the Eddas of Saemund and Snorre Sturdussen. Isolation, separate development, prevalence of elements that have perished in other lands, make Iceland a study by itself. Scarcely anything I have learned in former travel, even in Sweden and Norway, explains the features of life here. Anchored in the middle of the Northern Ocean, between two continents, the island belongs but very slightly to either.

The sweep of mountain shores inclosing the northern extremity of the Faxa Fiord, and the inland ranges have been gradually growing into form since our arrival, and almost every hour brings out some unexpected feature. To-day, the panorama is surprising. Sixty-five miles to the west, floating on the sea like an iceberg, shines the unbroken white mass of the Snaefells Jokull. Northward of him the land disappears to emerge again in sharp blue peaks, which are overlapped by higher and nearer promontories, until, across the last bight of the fiord, the bare mountains show every gully and ravine, every streak of snow, patch of pale green herbage or purple volcanic rock. Sun and shadow, ever in motion over their sides, make continual exquisite changes of color. Inland, there is the greatest variety of outline, from the turfy shores to the horns, peaks and rampart-like ridges in the distance. The air is wonderfully clear, so that the tints of the great panorama—which has a sweep of over a hundred miles—are marked by the greatest possible delicacy and purity. Without being deep and glowing, as in the South, they produce almost the same effect, and there are moments when one can only think of the Mediterranean and the Grecian Archipelago.

We spent yesterday morning on shore. The sailors filled our water casks at the town pump, some of the party bought eider-down or photographs, others paid further visits of ceremony. Capt. Howling, proposing to take stones from the nearest harbor island as ballast, was quite taken aback by the refusal of the proprietor to allow any portion of his volcanic real estate to be carried away. The reason given was that the island would be gradually diminished in size, and furnish so much the less brooding-ground for eider ducks. These self-sacrificing birds make their nests almost in the outskirts of Rejkiavik. They are protected by law, and show no fear of men.

In the afternoon, the captain proposed a boat excursion to a hot spring near the shore, a mile or two from the town, and three of us joined him. We pushed off, hoisted a sail, and swiftly ran along the coast, seeking for the embouchure of a river, which is fed from the hot springs. The wind enabled us to skirt the rough basaltic shore closely, without much danger of staving in the bottom of our little craft, but we failed to detect the exact point. There was a two-story house of stone on a broad headland; several boys on ponies came dashing down the green slope behind it, and a group of children at a little cove seemed to watch our movements with much interest. We found, too late, that they were beacons to the entrance of the hot river. Our only profit from the trip was the sight of an enormous seal—it could hardly have been less than 12 feet in length—which every now and then popped up its huge, stupid head behind us. After a dance of nearly two hours over the rough waves, we were glad to return and leave the hot springs from which Rejkiavik (the smoking or steaming harbor) is said to derive its name.

Our visits on shore have been continued to-day. They are always agreeable, but so much alike in form of reception, heartiness of welcome, and even the material features of the residences, that it is scarcely necessary to describe them in succession. The best houses in the town are very much alike in structure and internal arrangement. There is usually a little hall or anteroom, about large enough to pull off an overcoat in, then the study or reception-room of the owner, according to his profession, and beyond it the *salon* where the ladies receive their guests. White curtains, pots of flowers in the windows, a carpet on the floor, a sofa, center-table with books and photographs, and pictures on the walls are the invariable features of this apartment; and in spite of the lowness of the ceiling, and other primitive architectural characteristics, it is always cheerful, bright and agreeable. Rocking-chairs are not uncommon, and the guest easily forgets both latitude and locality as he looks out upon currant-bushes and potato-plants, while conversing with a grave, earnest-faced young lady upon Shakespeare, German literature, or the latest music.

The common people—if one has the right to use the word "common" in referring to such a people—are still something of a puzzle to me. They watch us with a curiosity which is intense, but never obtrusive, yet when I attempt to make a nearer acquaintance through the medium of Danish they are shy and shrinking to such an extent that they do not attempt to conceal it. The average stature is short, not above five feet six inches, complexion of a coarse, ruddy brown, hair generally blonde and straight, eyes blue or gray, body broad, short, and compact, with short, sturdy limbs, large hands and feet—in fact a general aspect of rough vigor, but also of something more than that. What this something may be it will be my task to discover when we go into the interior of the island.

This morning some of our party took ponies and rode out to the Laxa, or Salmon river, about four miles from here. Mr. Thomsen, a very enterprising and obliging merchant, who supplies our vessel during her stay here, accompanied them as he had accompanied the king yesterday. The salmon were not quite so ready to be captured as His Majesty found them (a circumstance I will not endeavor to explain), but I believe ours caught a dozen, some of which have been ordered to be "kippered" for friends and families. I have never tasted fish more succulent, prodigal of flesh, or delicious in flavor.

The journey to Thingvalla and the Geysers gives us some anxiety. It is absolutely necessary to take a tent, as every farm-byre in the neighborhood is sure to be crowded by family and friends, and the churches (the only hotels to be reckoned upon in Iceland) will be opened to the multitude. In a land like this, where the tavern is unknown and private hospitality is so limited by the scanty resources of the people, I find it simply and entirely Christian that the Church should be opened to shelter the weary traveler, to give him a roof in the season of cold and rain, and to guard his nightly slumbers. But we hear of so many families who are going to attend the ceremonies at Thingvalla that some prudence is absolutely prescribed. The King's guide, Zoego, promises us thirty horses, with saddles, packs, and provision-boxes.

A WORKING WOMAN.

What Good Health, System and a Willing Heart Can Accomplish—A Model for Housewives.

Looking out of the window the other morning I saw a woman drive to the gate, with a trim little establishment in excellent order. I had never set eyes on her before. I was sure of that, though she looked up at the window with a bright and cheery smile, as though she had known me all her days. Springing out of the high wagon like a girl of sixteen, though she was evidently three times that age, she hitched her horse and blanketed it as if she were used to it, and was ushered into the parlor. She had come to inquire about some lots upon our farm, and I assure you she talked business, it evidently being no new thing to her. I found she was from a neighboring town, five miles distant, where her husband is a prosperous architect and builder. After she had obtained the information for which she came, we fell into conversation such as our sex will indulge in.

"Have you much of a family?" I inquired.

"Eleven children," she replied. I opened my eyes in astonishment, expecting to hear the usual answer in these days. "Three, two boys and a girl," or *vice versa*. "Have you never lost any children?" said I. "None," she replied, "and none are married; they are all living at home." "What a family to look after!" I exclaimed. "Oh, I shouldn't mind our own family at all," said she, "but we have always boarded three or four carpenters, necessary in my husband's business. Then we have a farm, and a good many cows to see to and butter to make, and as my husband is always busy in other ways, the oversight of the farm devolves mostly on me."

"I hope you are more fortunate than the rest of us, in having good domestics to help you with all this work," I said. The good woman straightened herself up and gave a decisive reply. "I never keep any," she said; "they never suit me." "Your children must help you a good deal, then?" "Yes; but they have their lessons to learn. Their eldest sister, who has as good an education as money could give her, teaches them entirely at home. We have a room in our house fitted up especially for this purpose. They are more thoroughly taught by her, with the deep interest she feels in them, than if they went to school elsewhere; and being able to recite their lessons in the early part of the day, they spend fewer hours over books, which is better for their health, and this enables them to give me more assistance than they otherwise could do." What a sensible woman, thought I; for you know what a favorite idea home learning is with me, when it is at all practicable. So I drew my chair nearer to her and said, "You don't do your own sewing, do you?" "Never sent out a stitch in my life, dresses or anything else, even when we had not a sewing-machine, and I don't know what excuse I could have for it now with a good machine." "Do you make your husband's and all your boys' shirts?" I asked. "Every one of them. My eldest son is something of a dandy, as young men will be, and he bought some shirts awhile ago. Oh! such a fit as they were! I spent more time ripping and fixing them than would have cut and made a good half-dozen."

"Do you ever have time to go outside your house?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes," she replied, with a smile; "I am here this morning, you see, to inquire about the land, and day before yesterday I went to the State Fair with some butter, which took a premium."

"You must sit up very late nights," I said.

"Oh no, not very; we always finish up our work by 8 o'clock evenings unless something very special is going on, for we are quite a musical family. We have a piano. My daughters are good players, and father and mother, boys and girls, all count upon a good sing, often, before going to bed, and this causes us to sit up rather later, I have sometimes thought, than was good for us, considering we have to be up with the lark in the mornings. You know," she added, "that music is very fascinating to those who love it." Are you always well," I asked. "My health is perfect. I have a good natural constitution, and have no time to be debilitated and nervous." Here this paragon arose to go. I followed her to the gate, saw her unhitch her horse and drive off, while I returned to the house with these reflections: Eleven children, boarders, a farm, no servants, no sewing put out, all teaching done in the house, premium for butter at the State fair, and the fine arts! Think of it, O ye daughters who have a family of three children, three servants, hire all your sewing done, and have headache, dyspepsia and general debility thrown in.

As for me, I went upstairs after this interview, unrolled some shirts I was just going to send out to be made, and oiling up my machine, went to work at them. Of course I hate it. Of course it will tire me to death, but it is so nice to be smart like this good woman. I have made some inquiries about her since she was here, and find her story was not exaggerated. She is a living example of what perfect system and industry will accomplish. She was once a teacher, well educated and sensible. She married her husband when he was not worth a cent, and now they live in a fifteen thousand dollar house, own a good farm, and to the good management and thrift of the wife is attributed much of the husband's success. They and their children have the name of being one of the happiest and most united families anywhere about. But my paragon does not write such long letters as this, I suspect. I must go back to my machine; it acts like a witch to-day.

False Hair.

The Breton peasant girl, for a gaudy handkerchief or flashy pair of ear-rings, is willing to sacrifice her beautiful hair. Tying his horse to a spreading tree, the hair-monger, armed with a formidable pair of scissors, soon attracts a crowd of village maidens, who, after a little haggling, submit to be sheared like so many sheep. After dextrously and gracefully clipping the locks, he deposits them, neatly tied, in his baskets, and Jeannie is liberated, to be greeted with shouts and laughter from her companions, for so well has the work been done, that her head has the appearance of being shaved. Nowhere but in Brittany will the girls submit to this wholesale cropping, insisting upon preserving a few thin locks, at least, of nature's fairest gift. In that province, however, where the custom is for women to wear hideous, close-fitting caps, hair, which would be the glory of American ladies, is useless, and it is there that the hair merchant reaps his richest harvest.

A rustic couple, newly married, marched into a drug store, and called for soda water. The obliging clerk inquired what syrup they would have in it, when the swain, deliberately leaning over the counter, replied, "Stranger, money is no object to me; put sugar in it."

A STORY ABOUT GEN. JACKSON.

He Holds at Bay Twenty Thousand Men, and Settles a Horse Race.

Many are the interesting scenes of Gen. Jackson's life which his biographer, Parton, has omitted and not brought to light. When a boy, says an old gentleman who was a boy in Tennessee at the time, I saw him scare and put to flight twenty thousand men. The occasion was this: Grey Hound, a Kentucky horse, had beaten Double Head, a Tennessee horse, and they were afterward matched for five thousand dollars a side, to be run on the Clover Bottom course. My uncle, Josephus H. Conn, carried me on horseback behind him to see the race. He set me on the cedar fence and told me to remain until he returned. There must have been twenty thousand persons present. I never witnessed such fierce betting between the States. Money and negroes were put up. A large pound was filled with horses and negroes bet on the result of this race. The time had now arrived for the competitors to appear on the track. I heard some loud talking, and looked down the track and saw, for the first time, Gen. Jackson riding slowly on a gray horse, with long pistols held in each hand. I think they were as long as my arm, and had a mouth that a ground squirrel could enter. In his wake followed my uncle, Conn, Stokely, Donalson, Patton, Anderson, and several others, as fierce as bull dogs. As Gen. Jackson led the van and approached the judges' stand, he was rapidly talking and gesticulating. As he came by me, he said that he had irrefragable proof that this was to be a jockey race; that Grey Hound was seen in the wheat field the night before, which disqualified him for the race, and that his rider was to receive five hundred dollars to throw it off, and by the Eternal he would shoot the first man who brought his horse upon the track; that the people's money should not be stolen from them in this manner. He talked incessantly, while the spittle rolled from his mouth and the fire from his eye. I have seen bears and wolves put at bay, but he was certainly the most ferocious looking animal that I had ever seen. His appearance and manner struck terror into the hearts of twenty thousand people. If they felt as I did, every one expected to be slain. He announced to the parties if they wanted lead in their hides, just bring their horses on the track, for by the Eternal he would kill the first man that attempted to do so. There was no response to this challenge, and after waiting some time, and they failing to appear, Gen. Jackson said it was a great mistake in the opinion of some that he acted hastily and without consideration. He would give the scoundrels a fair trial, and to that end he would constitute a court to investigate this matter who would hear the proof and do justice to all parties. Thereupon he appointed a sheriff to keep order, and five judges to hear the case. Proclamation was made that the court was open and was ready to proceed to business, and for the parties to appear and defend themselves. Not appearing, Gen. Jackson introduced the witnesses proving the bribery of Grey Hound's rider, who was to receive $500 to throw off the race, having received $250 in advance, and that Grey Hound had been turned into the wheat field the night before. He again called on the parties to appear and counteract this proof and vindicate their innocence. They failing to appear, Gen. Jackson told the court that the proof was closed, and for them to render their judgment in the premises, which, in a few moments, was done in accordance with the facts proved. I was still on the fence forming one line of the large pound containing the property bet on the race. Each man was anxious to get back his property. Gen. Jackson waved his hand and announced the decision, and said: "Now, gentlemen, go calmly and in order, and each take his own property." When the word was given the people came with a rush. It was more terrible than an army with banners. They came bulging against the fence, and in the struggle to get over they knocked it down for hundreds of yards. I was overturned and was nearly tramped to death. Each man got his property, and thus the fraudulent race was broken up by an exhibition of the most extraordinary courage. He did that day what it would have required 2,000 armed men to have effected. All this was effected by the presence and action of one man, and without the drawing of one drop of blood.

In a Ventilator.

The terrible stories of death in chests with secret springs, came near a repetition lately in an English provincial town. A Mr. Kelk, quite recently married, had invited a party of friends to his house, and his young wife, in her anxiety to get rid of the hot air, ventured upstairs, and seeing a small closet with a ventilator, she entered to open it, when the current of air closed the door. In vain she called to the servants, although she could hear the door-bell ring, and her visitors enter; and as none suspected that the imprisoned lady was in the roof of the house, all the other parts of the dwelling and grounds were searched. One of the visitors suggested that there might be an old oak chest with a secret spring, and this gave a clue to the closet, and when at last found, Mrs. Kelk was seriously ill and hysterical. Violent epileptic fits followed, and the shock being more than the nervous system could sustain, death shortly put an end to the poor young lady's sufferings.

The Human Form.

The whole human figure should be six times the length of the feet. Whether the form be slender or plump, the rule holds good; any deviation from it is a departure from the highest beauty of proportion. The Greeks made all their statues according to this rule. The face, from the highest point of the forehead where the hair begins, to the chin, is one tenth of the whole statue. The hand, from the wrist to the middle finger, is the same. From the top of the chest to the highest part of the forehead is the seventh. If the face, from the roots of the hair to the chin, be divided into three equal parts, the first division determines the place where the eyebrows meet, and the second the place of the nostrils. Height from the feet to the top of the head is the distance from the extremity of the fingers when the arms are extended.

Cruel.—A new and cruel invention at Long Branch is the introduction of living butterflies in the entire centre piece of flowers which usually adorn the middle of the table at the fashionable dinner and supper parties. The poor insects are fastened by a fine wire which is passed through their bodies concealed among the flowers. The convulsive quiver of the expanded wings as the tortured butterfly struggles in its dying agonies, is supposed to represent the graceful wave of the same above some freshly opened flower.

A Chicago man whose uncle died and left him $18,000, broke his leg while capering for joy.

THE SOUTHERN TROUBLES.

Official Orders by the President of the United States and the Attorney-General.

The following is the letter of the President of the United States to the Secretary of War, relative to affairs in the South: "The recent atrocities in the South, particularly in Louisiana, Alabama and South Carolina, show a disregard for law, civil rights and personal protection that ought not to be tolerated in any civilized government. It looks as if, unless speedily checked, matters must become worse, until life and property there will receive no protection from the local authorities, such authority becoming powerless. Under such circumstances it is the duty of the government to give all the aid for the protection of life and civil rights legally authorized. To this end I wish you

THE CENTRE REPORTER,

FRED. KURTZ.....Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., Sept. 24, 1874.

TERMS.—$2 *per year, in advance,* 2,50 *when not paid in advance.*
Advertisements 20c *per line for three insertions, and for* 6 *and* 12 *months by special contract.*

Democratic Nominations.

For Supreme Judge,
HON, WARREN J. WOODWARD, of Berks.

For Lieutenant Governor,
HON. JOHN LATTA, of Westmoreland.

For Auditor General,
HON. JUSTICE F. TEMPLE, of Greene

For Secretary of Internal Affairs,
GEN. WILLIAM M'CANDLESS, of Philadelphia.

ASSEMBLY,
S. T. Shugert, Bellefonte,
S. S. Wolf, Potter.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
J. L. Spangler, Bellefonte.

COMMISSIONER,
J. Newlin Hall, Howard.

CO. SURVEYOR,
J. H. Reifsnyder, Penn.

AUDITOR,
Adam Yearick, Marion.

District Nominations, subject to the decision of the several conferences:

Judge—J. H. Orvis, Congress—C. T. Alexander, Senator—P. G. Meek.

Massachusetts politics is all in a mix since the Tutens left that region. Ben Butler misses them.

"Gen." Hastings is editor in chief of the Bush-house cellar concern; he wears a millitaryish hat and reminds us of Alexander the Great more than any body we know of—though its a long time since we saw the great Macedonian.

The South Carolina radical state convention passed a resolution in favor of Grant for a third term.

The Clearfield county democrats held their county convention last week, and nominated Orvis for judge Mackey for congress, and Wallace for senator. This settles the democratic district nominations, in favor of the gentlemen named, making, on first ballot, a unanimous nomination of Orvis, giving Mackey four counties out of six on first ballot for congress, and Wallace a unanimous nomination for senator on first ballot.

This will be a strong ticket—three better, abler and purer men can not be picked upon in the entire state.

The Tuten paper asks us about Col. Shugert's doings during the war. That is not as important for the people here who have known Mr. Shugert for fifty years, as it is for them to know that during the rebellion the Tutens kept a little canoe and at night paddled skedaddlers across to the Canada side, at $2,50 per head, making enough money thereby to come down here and paddle the radical organ.

Geo. H. Pendleton, Ohio's talented son, made a speech at Columbus a few days ago, in which he repudiated the repudiation sentiments which were attributed to him by radical organs. Mr. Pendleton is for abiding by the act of 1869, which was passed by a radical congress in the interest of the bond-holder, and by which the 5 20s were declared payable in coin. The law he then and now disapproved of, but being the law it would have to stand. Mr. Pendleton's views are sound and will command the respect of all honest men.

The action of the democracy of Clearfield county, in their convention last week, settles the congressional nomination in favor of Col. Mackey, the people's man. Four counties out of the six composing this district, have now spoken unanimously in his favor. This is a tribute which the man richly deserved, and Col. Mackey may well feel proud of it, as it is the spontaneous offering of the people who know him and confide in him. Mr. Mackey made no effort to obtain the support that is so generously offered him, because the people know the man, his excellent qualities as a citizen and eminent fitness for the place, too well to make this necessary on his part. The confidence placed in Mr. Mackey by his fellow citizens is one that never will be found to have been misplaced.

He will make a representative of whom the people of this district, democrats and republicans, will ever feel proud. His whole life is a warrant of this. Every action of his life proves that, being one of the people, he has ever been for the people's interests. Every enterprize calculated for the public good has found in him an eloquent advocate backed up by a liberality full up to his large means. He has bestowed thousands upon the poor and destitute of his own county, and by his public spirit has aided and called into existence enterprises that have been the foundation of employ for hundreds.

His character is stainless, and if ever a man was deservedly the favorite of the people, that man is Col. Mackey, and we predict for him a tremendous vote in November.

Where Curtin Stands.

There having been some speculation as to the present political status of "the great war governor" the following is semi-official: Gov. Curtin is just now minding his own business, which he pretends to understand, and is "looking on." No one has been authorized to speak for him,—he always speaks for himself. We passed the Governor's residence twice in one week, and "know all about it."

On Friday the judicial, congressional and senatorial conferences meet at Bellefonte. We expect short work, harmony and the excellent nominations.

Lycoming county sent a batch of 10 criminals to the penitentiary on Wednesday. Ahead of Dauphin.

The Tuten Republican has not yet given its opinion of Prof. Tyndall's address. Scientists and theologians in Europe are anxiously awaiting for the Republican to speak out. We can apologise for the Republican on the ground that they have been too much engaged in clearing up the financial problem, and our learned friends across the waters will therefore lend their kind indulgence. Milton had these Republican editors in his eye when he wrote

> Quickest insight
> In all things that to greatest actions lead,
> And
> With narrow search, and with inspection deep.

THE LOUISIANA OUTBREAK.

In order that our readers may more fully understand the grievances of which the people of Louisiana complain we subjoin the resolutions adopted at a mass meeting of citizens on Monday, preceding the call upon Kellogg to resign:

Whereas, At a general election held in Louisiana on the 4th day of November, 1872, John M'Enery was elected governor by a majority of 10,000 votes over his opponent, William P. Kellogg; and D. B. Penn lieutenant governor by a majority of 15,000 over his opponent, C. C. Antoine; and

Whereas, By fraud and violence those defeated seized the executive chair, and from time, by other irregular, fraudulent and violent acts, in the face of the report of the committee of the senate of the United States appointed to investigate the affairs of Louisiana, that the existing government of the state is a usurpation, the result of a violent abuse of judicial functions and sustained by force, W. P. Kellogg has continued himself in power to the gross wrong and outrage of the people of the state of Louisiana, and to the imminent danger of republican institutions thoughout the country; and

Whereas, With a view to controlling and determining the results of the approaching election to be held in Louisiana in November next he has, under an act known as the registration act, and passed for the purpose of defeating the popular will, secured to himself and his party the power of denying registration to bona fide citizens whose applications before the courts for a mandamus to compel the assistant supervisors to enrol and register them has been refused, the registration law indeed punishing courts if they dare to take cognizance of such appeals; and

Whereas, By false and infamous misrepresentations of the feelings and motives of our people, he has received promise of aid from the federal army, placed at the order of the attorney general of the United States and subject to the calls of the United States marshals, for the purpose of overawing our state and controlling the election; and

Whereas, In the language of the call for the meeting, "one by one our dearest rights have been trampled up on and at last, in the supreme height of its insolence, this mockery of a republican government has dared even to deny that the right so solemnly guaranteed by the very constitution of the United States, which, in Article 11 of the amendments, declare that the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed upon; be it

Resolved, That we reaffirm solemnly the resolutions adopted by the white people of Louisiana, in convention assembled, at Baton Rouge on the 24th of August, 1874; that the white people of Louisiana have no desire to deprive the colored people of any rights to which they are entitled; that W. P. Kellogg is a mere usurper, and we pronounce him as such; that his government is arbitrary, unjust and oppressive, and can only maintain itself through federal interference; that the election and registration laws under which this election is being conducted, were intended to perpetuate usurpation by depriving the people, and especially our naturalized citizens of an opportunity to register and vote, and therefore, in the name of the citizens of New Orleans, now in mass meeting, and of the people of the state of Louisiana, whose franchise has been wrested from them by fraud and violence, and all of whose rights and liberties have been outraged and trampled upon, we demand of W. P. Kellogg his immediate abdication.

Resolved, That a committee of five be immediately appointed by the chairman, who shall be a member of the said committee, to wait on Mr. W. P. Kellogg, to present to him these resolutions, to demand of him an immediate answer, and to report the result of such interview to this meeting.

PARTICULARS OF MONDAY'S FIGHTING.

A body of metropolitans, variously estimated at from 500 to 800, with four pieces of artillery, marched out of the state house about four p. m., proceeding toward Canal street. After marching through Canal street, about 200 of them moved toward the levee. The main body of the citizens' forces were in line on Poydras street, about two blocks back of Canal street. The advance of the metropolitans met the right wing of the citizens' forces, and fire was at once opened by the former, two companies of the citizens troops quickly responding. The police then attempted a charge, but a yell and a charge from the two companies above mentioned routed them with the loss of their four guns. In this skirmish General Badger, in command of the police, was severely wounded, and some reports say he has since died. Fourteen metropolitans were killed and about thirty wounded. The citizens' loss was six killed and twenty wounded.

More United States troops are reported *en route* for this city. It is not expected they will do more than protect the government property. Kellogg has taken refuge in the custom house, where he is under the protection of federal bayonets.

CLEARFIELD COUNTY DEMOCRACY.

Clearfield, September 15, 1874.—The democratic county convention held in this place to-day nominated L. A. Mackey, esq., of Lock Haven; for Congress, Hon. John H. Orvis, of Centre, for president judge; Hon. W. A. Wallace of Clearfield, (by acclamation) for senate, and Colonel W. R. Hartshorn for representative. The convention was harmonious and the indications are that Clearfield county will eclipse its former democratic majorities at the next election.

A MAN SHOOTS HIS WIFE AND THEN KILLS HIMSELF.

Philadelphia, September 14.—About one o'clock this afternoon James Tozier killed his wife, Sallie Tozier, and then killed himself. The wife occupied a room in a tenement house, No. 240 South Fifth street, not living with her husband.

THE REASON WHY.

The Administration and its friends would do well to ponder upon the following truthful reasons for the present disturbed conditions of the South which we find in the N. Y. Tribune:

In the discussion which has lately arisen over the disturbed condition of affairs in the Southern States, it has at last happened that the attention of those who alone can correct it has been called to the tap-root of all the trouble, the fact that the system of appointments of Federal offices has kept in place as bad a lot of men as ever packed a convention or plundered a treasury, and that this alone has perpetuated the frightful misgovernment of the past six or seven years. Under the system of Congressional appointments of President has nominated to the Senate for the Federal offices in the Southern, as indeed in all the other States, the candidates recommended to his favor by the Senators and members of Congress from those States. The Government patronage has been, not in the hands of the President, but, as a matter of fact, in the hands of the Senators and Representatives. Carpet-bag Senators and scalawag Congressmen have asked the appointment to important Federal offices of ignorant, incompetent, and dishonest creatures of their own, whose only service was to the member procuring the appointments, and their only mission the promotion of corrupt politics and the perpetuation of a rascally Ring rule. Precedent has established the custom, and party willed it that those Senators and Congressmen should control and distribute the Government patronage. The President has only to make the nominations they dictated, and a partisan Senate did not fail to confirm them.

Evil consequences of great magnitude have flowed from this pernicious spoils system at the North. At the South they have been almost incalculable. Thoughtful men have seen for a long time that unless this custom of distributing patronage could be abolished the South was without help or hope. The Rings are in absolute control, and with a President who gives them Government patronage and a Senate which makes no opposition to it, they command all the facilities for keeping themselves in power. The power of self perpetuation in such a condition of affairs is simply absolute. Nothing can hinder such a political combination from continuing in power except a determination on the part of either the President or the Senate to cut the connection. It is a sign of earnestness in the investigation that this point has at last been reached and the determination announced at least—we hope it will be carried out—to change the whole system, by disregarding the recommendations of the Senators and Congressmen and making an effort to secure in Federal offices the services of honest and competent men who are not entangled with existing Rings. We are glad to learn that the purpose has been expressed by the Administration to make sweeping removals of office-holders of the political class in some of the States, and put in their places men known to be honest and capable. This is the most effective step toward reform and good government that has yet been taken, and will do vastly more good than any coercive measures. The President will deserve the thanks of all law abiding citizens if he adopts this policy.

NEW YORK STATE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

Syracuse, September 17.—The Democratic Convention resumed its session this morning.

Ex Governor Seymour, from the Committee on Resolutions, made the following report:

THE PLATFORM.

The Democratic party of New York pledge themselves anew to the principles set forth in their platform adopted last year at Utica, approved by the votes of people of the Empire State, and endorsed by the Democrats of Illinois, Michigan, Maine and other States of the Union.

First—Gold and silver, the only legal tender, no currency inconvertible with coin.

Second—Steady steps toward speice payments. No steps backward.

Third—Honest payment of the public debt in coin (applause); sacred preservation of public faith.

Fourth—Revenue reform: Federal taxation for revenue only. No Government partnership with protected monopolies:

Fifth—Home rule to limit and localize most zealously the few powers entrusted to the public servants, municipal, State and Federal; no centralization:

Sixth—Equal and exact justice to all men; no partial legislation; no partial taxation:

Seventh—A free press; no gag law.

Eighth—Free men; uniform excise laws; no sumptuary laws.

Ninth—Official accountability enforced by better civil and criminal remedies: no private use of public funds by public officers.

Tenth—Corporations chartered by the State always supervisable by the State in the interests of the people.

Eleventh—The party in power responsible for legislation while in power.

Twelfth—The Presidency a public trust, not a private perquisite, no third term.

Thirteen—Economy in public expense, that labor may be lightly burdened.

The Democrats of New York in Convention assembled, recognizing the independence and patriotism of the Liberal Republicans, who, prefering principels to party, shall unite with them in opposing the present State and National administration, commend to their support and to the approval of all honest and independent persons the foregoing platform and nominees of this Convention.

The report of the Committee on Resolutions was unanimously adopted.

HON. S. J. TILDEN NOMINATED FOR GOVERNOR.

The Convention then balloted for a candidate for Governor. The first ballot resulted as follows: Samuel J. Tilden, 252; A. J. Parker, 126; scattering, 10.

OTHER NOMINATIONS.

The remainder of the ticket is as follows:

Lieutenant Governor—William Dorsheimer, Liberal Republican.

Canal Commissioner—Adin Thayer, of Rensselaer county.

State Prison Inspector—George H. Wagner, of Yates county.

Judge of the Court of Appeals—Theodore Miller, of Columbia county.

Those who have not paid their taxes according to law will remember that they cannot do so after the 3d of October.

P. T. Barnum was married yesterday morning, in New York, to the daughter of John Fisk, of Southport, England.

WHO MAY VOTE.

It is well to remind our readers that under the new Constitution, every person offering to vote must show:

1. That he has been a citizen of the United States at least one month.—This will cut off all persons naturalized after the third day of October in the present year.

2. That he has resided in the State a year, or, if formerly a resident and removed therefrom shall have returned six months preceeding the election—This is the same provision that prevailed in the old Constitution.

3. That he has resided in the election district where he offers to vote, at least two months immediately before the election.

4. That he has, within two years and at least a month before the election, paid a State or county tax assessed at least two months prior to the election.

Let no man move from one ward or district immediately before the election and expect to vote.

A VERY PECULIAR SECT.

In London exists a sect, a small one we trust, that has several times been in court upon a charge of a very singular character. Their peculiarity consists in the belief that no medical aid should be called in when one of their number is sick, but prayer and good nursing should be relied on, and only. A few weeks ago Thomas Hines was brought before Baron Pigott on a charge of manslaughter. The prisoner was accused of having caused the death of his child by neglecting to provide it with necessary and proper food and with medical attendance; but there was clearly no ground for the charge as far as food was concerned, and the question of medical attendance was the only one left for consideration. The "Peculiar People," have rendered themselves notorious on several occasions by their passive resistance to the prevailing custom of sending for doctors to visit and attend their sick. They interpret literally the injunction of the Apostle James to call in the elders of the Church to pray and to anoint with oil, and they not only interpret this injunction literally, but they regard it as containing their whole duty in the matter, and as excluding any resort to the aid of medicine. It was proved that the child whose death was made the subject of indictment was taken ill at the end of May, and that he died on the 6th of July following. No doctor was called to him, nor was any medicine given; but he was watched and tended carefully, was anointed and prayed over, and was fed not only with ordinary food, but also with port wine, brandy, arrowroot, milk and tea. The reason why no medical advice was sought was that recourse to it is contrary to the faith of the sect, who in such cases "trust in the Lord." The medical evidence was to the effect that the disease was of a nature to have been amenable to treatment, and that if a doctor had been called in the chances of the child's recovery would have been increased. It was then contended, on the part of the prosecution, that medical attendance was a "necessary" which the parent of this child of tender age was bound to provide, and that there had been such criminal neglect on his part as would render him liable to legal penalties.

Baron Pigott, upon this evidence, decided that there was no case to go before the jury, and directed an acquittal. The learned Baron said that the prisoner, "instead of being guilty of culpable negligence, appeared to have done everything for the good of his child according to his lights. He might be a person with narrow or perverted views, and altogether mistaken in his interpretation of the passage of Scripture that had been quoted during the trial," but there was nothing to show any neglect of duty on his part. The London Times says: "The common sense of the public will heartily concur with this view of the case, and will perceive the impolicy of instituting a criminal trial upon the grounds assigned. If the profession of a religious scruple against medical aid were made to cover neglect of other kinds, then there need be no hesitation about punishing such conduct as an offence; but the medical art has not yet reached a state in which the mere absence of a doctor can be held to establish a charge of manslaughter."

It would indeed be a grevious burden if the citizen were required under penalty of prison or death to call on somebody else in case his child were sick. The law would next require him to call some qualified physician, and then the law must decide between the schools of practice, and then how sick the patient must be before the doctor is summoned, and thus the complications would be impossible and absurd.

Fifty sensible colored men organized a club in New Orleans last week and passed the following:

"Resolved, That the carpet-bagger is the curse of the State, and has caused all the trouble between us and the white people by alarming us in times past with foolish and lying tales of his own invention, by which he has succeeded in robing and plundering both races"

This is the political situation in Louisiana in a nutshell, although the colored men might have added that the carpet baggers would not have succeeded in their designs without the aid of Federal bayonets furnished by Grant.

KING OF ASHANTEE TO BE DEPOSED.

London, September 13.—A rumor comes from the gold coast that the king of Ashantee will soon be deposed.

Half of the town of Bonny has been burned.

The "Christian at Work" has the following very sensible remarks:

The wicked folly of Congress in neglecting to settle the Louisiana question at its last session, with all the facts brought before it, is manifested, as might be expected, in a riot which in its proportions assumes the nature of a rebellion. Whatever may be said of the crime of a resort to arms, we do not forget that the most culpable are not, indeed, the immediate participants in such an affair, but those whose acts or whose neglect of duty precipitate revolution. Had Congress done its duty; had it settled the Louisiana difficulties when the facts were brought before its committee having the matter in charge, we might not now have the disgraceful record of armed rebellion and bloodshed. As it is, neglect and incompetency have wrought out their logical result: but how long can the country endure such a condition of things, and for such a cause—and how long will it?

The spiritualists insist that Guernella's feats are performed through supernatural agencies, however much he may deny this kind of assistance. Dr. Barr is clearly of this opinion.

REPORTS OF ARMED NEGROES INTENDING TO MAKE AN ATTACK ON WHITES.

Augusta, September 20.—A report reached this city to-day that about 400 negroes under the leadership of a negro named Tenant intended to make an attack on the whites near Reese's store, Edgerville county, South Carolina.

A SECT OF THUGS IN BRAZIL.

An alarming outbreak of savage fanaticism, which commenced last June in the German colony at Rio Grande do Sul, in Brazil, is thus described by a correspondent writing to a German paper from the scene of action of the "Muckers."

This sect was founded by a certain J. G. Maurer, who commenced his career as a quack, by pretending to perform wonderful cures of every kind of disease. As however, the remedies were not successful and his receipts in consequence were falling off, his wife, whose maiden name is Jacobina Menz, came on the scene as phophetess. She is as ignorant and stupid as her husband, who is devoid of any kind of education and can merely scrawl his name when necessity calls for it, but still more overstrained and foul. This woman calls herself the female Christ, and any absurdities that she prophecies are believed and received as dogmas by her disciples who are daily increasing in numbers and constantly seeking to make proselytes. Their tenets contain no religious maxims, not even a show of reason. They have broken loose from church and state and acknowledge no obedience to the law. Their main principle is community of women and property; they consider labor unnecessary (excepting what is done in common for the benefit of their community), because, according to their prophecies, the rest of mankind are to be destroyed and they alone to remain and take possession of all things. Those who are unfaithful to them will be destroyed by fire and murder, of which many terrible examples have occurred. The extermination of the rest of mankind was commenced by them on the night of the 25th of June with the most unexampled cruelty. The police has been timely and repeatedly notified of the proceedings of his dangerous society, but the measures taken by them were so inadequate that we are compelled to patrol the roads and keep watch around our houses in order to protect our property, our lives, and the lives of our families. In the most distant parts of the colony the greatest anxiety, terror, and excitement prevail, all on account of a handful (four or five dozen) of utterly depraved men. If we do not soon receive help from the authorities, we Germans must take it upon ourselves to exterminate this evil brood from the earth, not one of their houses must remain standing, not a remembrance be left of the scandalous acts performed by the Muckers.

St. Leopold, 26 June.—The telegraph has informed you that last night the murdering bands of Maurer put in execution their threats of destroying the colonies by setting fire to thirteen places in Sauhranga and the left shore of the river. The band has now increased to 400 armed men, and unless speedy means are taken our peaceful little town will be reduced to ashes. Continual shots are heard behind every house, and all the male inhabitants are striving to act upon the defensive. All the passes are beset as far as Feitoria Belha and all who can flee from Hamterger Berg to our town, nearly distracted at the death or captivity of members of their families, and those living in the suburbs follow their example. All that is certainly known of the shocking events of last night is as follows: At 7,30 o'clock an old woman in upper Campo was attacked by Peter Barth and others and shot. Her step-daughter, who held two children in her arms, begged for their lives, but the wretch, first describing a circle in the air with his pistol shot her in the stomach, then the children one in the breast, the other in the arm. At the same time houses were set on fire, the inhabitants attacked, and those who could not escape to the woods murdered in cold blood. In all the Picades alarm bells are constantly ringing, and 4,000 men are called for from the colonies to practice lynch law.

The Deutsche Zeitung of July 1 says: When the President of the province received intelligence of the bloody proceedings of the night of the 25th he consulted with the Commanding General and proceeded at 4 o'clock in the afternoon to St. Leopold, accompanied by a contingent of 100 men, by the Twelfth Battalion, and a body of police. In the same night horses and ammunition were sent from this place in an express train to St. Leopold, and on the 27th two howitzers and two long-range guns were sent up. After all necessary measures were completed the President returned to his house. On the evening of the 26th all the roads leading to St. Leopold were occupied by troops of the line, in order to enable the inhabitants to sleep securely. On the 23d an escort, under command of Police Lieutenant Miranda Castro, had been sent out to seize ex-Pastor Klein, who had slept in the house of Jacob Menz. On surrounding the house a police soldier was dangerously shot by Menz, who fled with his companion to the woods. Upon this followed the murderous night of the 25th, in consequence of which the inhabitants of St. Leopold began to patrol at night, and the Chief of Police sent out a contingent of mounted national guards, under command of Captain Sylveira. Two spies were taken in St. Leopold, one of whom refused to confess, they might kill his body, but his soul would return to Jacobina Maurer. The cunning ex-pastor Klein, when he saw that the matter had become serious sought to save himself, and, falling into the hands of the police, voluntarily gave up a quantity of letters and papers, which the President himself read. The female Christ and the other woman belonging to the band are in Maurer's fortified house. A later communication reads thus.

"The beginning of the operations against the Muckers has not been successful. Colonel Genuino, while marching towards Ferrabraz, fell into an ambush of the Muckers, who opened a destructive fire upon the troops. In returning the shots one of the cannon of the latter burst, killing four men and wounding thirty-five, so that the Colonel was compelled to return to Campo Vom, where he awaits with 100 men for reinforcement. It is beyond doubt that if the arrival of the necessary troops is deferred, the colony will be exposed to the greatest disasters from the Muckers, and it behooves every colonist who has at heart the preservation of his family and property to join the troops at Campo Vom, and place himself under the orders of Colonel Genuino."

St. Leopold, July 9.—We hear from Ferrabraz that the Muckers are cutting trees in order to fortify themselves in the wood, but troops of the line, artillery, national guards and volunteers are collecting in great numbers, and the hour draws near when this band of murderers enclosed in their narrow circle, will be slowly but surely exterminated.

THE HIGHER ROCK.

The Rev. R. S. MacArthur preached in the Calvary Baptist Church in Twenty-third-st., New York, on last Sabbath. His text was selected from the 2d verse of the 61st Psalm: "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I" The preacher said, among other things:

It is fitting that the term rock should be applied to God. In its nature, and in the thoughts which it suggests, it sets forth many of God's more prominent attributes. But an interest attached to the term in Scripture because of its connection with great events in God's progressive revelation to man. The law was written by the finger of God upon a rock. God was enthroned on the hoary rock when he promulgated that law, in the presence of the trembling tribes. Jacob pillowed his head upon a rock when the vision of heavenly glory greeted him. He annointed the stone; and it became the precursor of every lowly chapel and lofty cathedral the world over. That was the foundation stone of every "Bethel"—house of God—which has since blessed the world. Out of a rock water flowed at the touch of Moses rod to supply the wants of the children of Isreal. The apostle adds, "and that Rock was Christ." Rock in all ages of the church were places of refuge for men and women of whom the world was not worthy. It is this idea of the rock which David lifts up and connects with the protection of God. As the rock protected Elijah when fleeing from the wrath of Jezebel, and David when escaping from Saul, so God is a refuge to the weary soul. David's circumstances were peculiarly sad. His hand was in rebellion, and his own son was the leading rebel. David, the father, was in exile because Absalom, the son had risen against him. As a king, he mourned for his country; as a father, his heart bled for his son. The waves of affliction were going over him. But there is help; there is hope. The God who had never failed him will not now. His struggling soul cries out for help. His eye of faith sees the rock. To his sad soul in that lonely land God was as the shadow of a great rock. The term is appropriate. Indeed, the loftiest songs of praise to God in Scripture are to him as the "Lord Jehovah, the Rock of our Salvation." A peculiar degree of tenderness attached to the name because of its application to Christ in one of the sweetest hymns of the Christian Church:

> Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
> Let me hide myself in Thee.

This is an humble prayer. It is on that account all the more a rational prayer. The highest manliness, in the divine estimate, is the loveliest childlikeness. The weakness that lays hold on God becomes the strength which controls men. Paul was right in saying that when he was weak then he was strong. There are times in the life of us all when we are obliged to confess our dependence. The strongest must bow. Although human nature abhors this sense dependence it fee's it. Every department of our complex being, when left to the promptings of our deepest instincts, utters the prayer, at times at least, "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."

The mind—the intellect—offers this prayer. We are surrounded by mystery. The infinitely great on the one hand, and the infinitely small on the other, are alike mysterious. With all our lofty powers we are obliged to confess weakness and feebleness when grappling with the great problems of thought. There intellectual difficulties are not peculiar to Christianity. They existed before the introduction of the Christian system. They would have existed had Christianity never been established. A great thinker has said that all these problems emerge in willdoubly before they do in religion. They are peculiar to our finite condition. The mind reels and staggers at times. Its cry is, Oh, that I knew where I might find him! And when men will not confess their ignorance, and look to God for help, they begin to spin out of their own minds, spider-like, theories which become webs to entangle them, and through which they fall into blank dispair. Creation teaches us about God, but its testimony is often confusing. If there are days of brightness, there are also days of darkness. Sunshine and storm strangely blend. If there are beds of roses, there are also quagmires. In creation we do see evidences of God's power and designs. But God Himself "we see through a glass darkly." Providence teaches us of Him and His ways. But the testimony does not satisfy. We cannot see far enough. Seeing partially, we judge falsely. Could we see the end, God's providence would appear as they are—just. But to us often might makes right; justice is cast down, and injustice triumphs. The good in dispair; the wicked rejoice. We want more light than nature can give. The mind needs God. The intellect in its search after truth cries for Jesus Christ, who is king in the realms of truth. Shall not the author of the immortal mind know best how to guide its movements? Jesus is the way, the truth and the life. O, no! Mr. Huxly, you must give the cravings of the intellect something better than "protoplasm." O, no! Mr. Tyndall, you must furnish the mind with more inspiration than it can get from the "potency of matter." The mind, like the heart, needs God. With Thomas, it says, "show us the father, and it sufficeth us;" and, like Thomas, it hears the voice of Christ saying, "he that hath seen me, hath seen the Father." This meets the wants of the deepest longings of the soul. Hearing the voice of Christ, "The Rock of Ages," it says lead me to Him.

The heart utters the text. The heart was made to love and to be loved. He is more or less than man who can deny this truth. Now nothing earthly can satisfy the deep yearnings of the human heart. It was made by God and for God, and he only can fill it. This is the crowning glory of manhood and womanhood. The beast that perish are not so. The man who tries to find his God in himself or others feels that he is stepping down from the lofty place which it has privilege to occupy. Blessed be God! He has made us to be kings and priests unto himself. We were born to be sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Men may misinterpret the inarticulate longings of the heart. They may try to satisfy it by the things of earth. But however numerous and glorious these things may be, the heart that does not repose on the bosom of its God, is an orphan in this great world of ours. The heart thirsts for God, for the living God! Nothing short of Himself can satisfy the soul. If the unspoken longings of the gay throng, pleasure-seakers could be interpreted—those who surfeit the body while they starve the soul—it would be seen that they are crying for God. They want one who never is faithless—one whose love is tenderer than a mother's, and whose arm is as mighty as God's. You read, doubtless, the works of George Eliot. She is a remarkable woman. In her power to analyze the human heart she has no superior. In many respects she is—compared with men as well as women—the most gifted writer of the century. Prof. Wilkinson, in a recent article in The Inquirer, calls her writings, and especially "Middlemarch," the language of dispair. Her life is a sad one. She has no outlook. Earth bounds her view. Her mind accepts, as far as it can, the cold, lifeless philosophy of rationalism, as it reveals itself in the varied forms of materialism. But she has a woman's heart. Her heart spurns what her school of philosophy forces on her mind. The heart is restless. It quivers as does the needle until it points to the pole. Hers is crying out for the living God. It refuses to be orphaned. O, that she, and all, might find the God of the mind and of the heart in the God of the Bible—the Father and the Savior of all who come to Him. He only is worthy to be loved with the full devotion of the heart. When the restless heart finds Jesus it clasps Him with warm embrace. The soul cries out in its joy: "My beloved is the chief among ten thousand; He is altogether lovely. I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine."

The conscience needs to offer this prayer. Men tell us our fears are idle—that God will not punish sin, that He is too merciful. We try to put down our fears, but they will assert themselves. We know that God is merciful, but we know also that He does punish here and now. His penalty quickly falls on every one who violates His law—mental, physical, or moral. Conscience is on the side of God. It makes us cowards. What testimony it has borne all through the ages! What prayers have been offered, what sacrifices made, to quiet conscience and please God. What a mountain-pile of sorrow and suffering to still the voice of conscience in the human soul! But although we could start afresh to-day and commit no sin for the future, what is to become of the long black catalogue of the past! Tears are vain. Toils are useless. Is there no help? Must conscience sting forever? Is there no one to hear or save? Thank God there is a balm in Gilead for the wounded conscience. There is a Rock for our weary souls. The voice of justice may be silenced. The penalty, having been inflicted on One who is mighty to save, can be averted from us. Where shall our spirits find peace, but in Him "who bore our sins in His own body on the tree? To whom shall we go but to Him by whose stripes we are healed?—who died that we might live, who was our glorious substitute, who made attonement for our guilt. If there is anything for which we may freely go to Christ it is for pardon and mercy. Away with your fears, away with your righteousness, away with your pride; come, just as you are, and you shall find peace in believing.

There are rocks whose tops reach high above cloud and storm; the thunder rolls and the lightning flashes about their base, but their top is lifted into the calm blue of the sky, and the brightness of the sun gilds them with glory. He who has come to Christ may hear the thunders of wrath and see the flash of vengence, but he is safe in the Beloved. He remembers his sins, but he remembers the righteousness of Christ. Conscience is hushed. Justice is silent. God is reconciled. Apart outside of yourselves. The time will come when between you and the "Rock of Ages" a great gulf will be fixed. The word is nigh you now. A free and full salvation is offered. Christ came to save all who feel that they are lost. I beseach you now to seek for mercy in Him. From every heart let the prayer go up now, "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I;" and soon you will joyously sing, "He only is my Rock and my salvation."

FURNITURE.

JOHN BRECHBILL,

in his elegant New Rooms, Spring street, Bellefonte.

Has on hand a splendid assortment of HOUSE FURNITURE from the commonest to the most elegant.

CHAMBER SETS, PARLOR SETS, SOFAS, CHAIRS, BEDSTEADS, WOOL MATTRESSES, HAIR MATTRESSES,

and anything wanted in the line of his business—homemade and city work. Also, has made a speciality and keeps on hand, the largest and finest stock of

WALL PAPER.

Goods sold at reasonable rates, wholesale and retail. Give him a call before purchasing elsewhere. feb6-1y

Miller & Son,

CENTRE HALL, PA.
DEALERS IN
PURE DRUGS
AND MEDICINES,
HEMICALS, OILS, DYE STUFFS, PERFUMERY, NOTIONS, FANCY ARTICLES FOR THE TOILET, &c., &c., &c.

PURE WINE AND LIQUORS,
for medicinal purposes.

Trusses & Supporters in great variety. Also, choice
CIGARS AND TOBACCO,
and all other articles usually kept in a first class Drug Store.

Prescriptions carefully Compounded.
23oct tf MILLER & SON.

CENTRE HALL
FOUNDRY & MACHINE SHOPS

The undersigned having taken possession of the above establishment, respectfully inform the public that the same will be carried on by them in all its branches as heretofore.

They manufacture the CELEBRATED TRUE BLUE CORNPLANTER, the best now made.

HORSE POWERS, THESHING MACHINES & SHAKERS, PLOWS, STOVES, OVEN DOORS, KETTLE PLATES, CELLAR GRATES, PLOW SHEARS & MILL GEARING of every description, in short their Foundry is complete in every particular.

We would call particular attention to our EXCELSIOR PLOW, acknowledged to be the best Plow now in use, shifting in the beam for two or three horses.

We also manufacture a new and improved TRIPLE GEARED HORSE POWER, which has been used extensively in the northern and western States, and has taken precedence over all others.

We are prepared to do all KINDS OF CASTING from the largest to the smallest, and have facilities for doing all kinds of IRON WORK such as PLANING, TURNING, BORING, &c.

All kinds of repairing done on short notice.

VAN PELT & SHOOP,
Jan21-1y. Centre Hall.

J. ZELLER & SON
DRUGGISTS

No 6 Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte, Pa

Dealers in Drugs, Chemicals, Perfumery, Fancy Goods &c., &c.

Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kept. may 31, 72.

CENTRE HALL
Furniture Rooms!

EZRA KRUMBINE,

respectfully informs the citizens of Centre county, that he has bought out the old stand of J. O. Deininger, and has reduced the prices. They have constantly on hand, and make to order

BEDSTEADS,
BUREAUS,
SINKS,
WASHSTANDS,
CORNER CUPBOARDS,
TABLES, &c., &c.

HOME MADE CHAIRS ALWAYS ON HAND.

Their stock of ready-made Furniture is large and warranted of good workmanship and is all made under their own immediate supervision, and is offered at rates cheaper than elsewhere.

Call and see our stock before purchasing elsewhere. 26 feb. ly.

CENTRE HALL
COACH SHOP,

LEVI MURRAY,

at his establishment at Centre Hall, keeps on hand, and for sale, at the most reasonable rates.

Carriages,
Buggies,
& Spring Wagons,
PLAIN AND FANCY,

and vehicles of every description made to order, and warranted to be made of the best seasoned material, and by the most skilled and competent workmen. Persons wanting anything in his line are requested to call and examine his work, they will find it not to be excelled for durability and wear. may 3tf.

LEVI MURRAY,
NOTARY PUBLIC, SCRIBNER AND CONVEYANCER,
CENTRE HALL, PA.
Will attend to administering Oaths, Acknowledgement of Deeds, &c, writing Articles of Agreement, Deeds, &c, may15

P. B. WILSON. T. A. HICKS.
WISON & HICKS.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Hardware and Stove Dealers
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CARRIAGE MAKERS GOODS,
SADDLER'S TRIMMINGS,
ALL KINDS OF HARDWARE AND HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

STOVES.

SPEAR'S ANTI-CLINKER STOVES & DOUBLE HEATERS

which will heat one or two rooms down stairs, and same number above. Cost very little more than single stoves. These are the best parlor stoves made.

SUSQUEHANNA COOK
STOVE.

This stove has large ovens, will burn hard or soft coal and wood. Every one warranted to give perfect satisfaction.
WILSON & HICKS,
marl5 tf Bellefonte, Pa.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!
A. W GRAFF,

CENTRE HILL, CENTRE CO., PA.,

Has just received a large invoice of
Summer Goods.

Consisting of the best assortment of
READY-MADE CLOTHING!
DRESS GOODS,
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HATS & CAPS,
AND FANCY ARTICLES,
ever brought to Potter twp.

LOWEST CASH PRICES!

☞ Produce taken in exchange at highest market prices.

A. W. GRAFF.
my8-1y.

C. PECK'S New Coach Manufactory.

CENTRE HALL, PA.

The undersigned has opened a new establishment, at his new shops, for the manufacture of

Carriages,
Buggies,
& Spring Wagons,

SLEIGHS AND SLEDS,
PLAIN AND FANCY

of every description.

All vehicles manufactured by him are warranted to render satisfaction, and as equal to any work done elsewhere.

He uses none but the best material, and employs the most skillful workmen. Hence they flatter themselves that their work can not be excelled for durability and finish.

Orders from a distance promptly attended to.

Come and examine my work before contracting elsewhere.

PRICES REASONABLE,

All kinds of Reparing done.

NEW GOODS AND NEW PRICES!

HIGH RATES RUBBED OUT

Goods at Old Fashioned Prices.
At the Old Stand of
WM. WOLF.

Would respectfully inform the World and the rest of mankind, that he has just opened out and is constantly receiving a large stock of
GOODS OF ALL KINDS
which he is offering at the very lowest market price.

DRY GOODS and

Prints, Muslins, Opera Cantons, and Woll Flannels. Ladies Dress Goods, such as Delains, Alp

THE CENTRE REPORTER

THURSDAY SEPT. 24, 1874.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Our friends will oblige by sending us items of local news in their locality, give us the facts only, and we will put them in shape, also notices of deaths and marriages.

Any one sending us the names of six new subscribers, with the cash, will be entitled to receive the REPORTER one year free.

The REPORTER being read by nearly every body on this side of the county, where it has a larger circulation than any two papers, will be found the best medium for advertising business, sales, &c. &c.

——SEE.—The Brazilian and Diamond pebble glass spectacles, the best in the world, and which can be worn many years without change, can be had of M. Strouse, who is traveling over the county, and is the only agent for them, and has no pedlars employed. These glasses have the highest recommendations. Price from $1.50 upwards. 27 aug 4t

DEM. STANDING COMMITTEE.

Bellefonte, N. Ward—H Y Stitzer.
do S "—Joseph Fox.
do W. "—O Meek.
Milesburg—Jas F Weaver.
Howard—John W Gardner.
Philipsburg—C A Faulkner.
Unionville—John Bing.
Benner twp—A Y Wagner.
Boggs—Wm Marks.
Burnside—Bernard Veldehoffer.
Curtin—Henry Theil.
Ferguson—W H Fry.
Gregg—J B Heckman.
Haines—John C Stover.
Halfmoon—J H Griffin.
Harris—John Meyer.
Howard—Samuel B Leathers.
Huston—H G Cromister.
Liberty—Jno. A Stover.
Marion—George Hey.
Miles—Harvey Korman.
Patton—P E Sellers.
Penn—D A Musser.
Potter—Joseph Gilliland.
Rush—G M Gaffey.
Snow Shoe—J H Holt.
Spring—John H Barnhart.
Taylor—Samuel Weaver.
Union—G L Peters.
Walker—Joha Divens.
Worth—Owen M'Cann.

J. H. MORRISON, Chairman.

——A good teacher is wanted for the Centre Hall grammar school. 1st grade. Apply soon.

——The Lutheran Synod meets at Aaronsburg, today, Thursday 24. A large attendance of ministers is expected.

——Mr. J. G. Meyer's cement kilns are now in full operation again, and he manufactures an article second to none in the country. He has fresh cement constantly on hand, which will set in five minutes and is warranted to render satisfaction or money refunded.

——Persons who have not paid a State and Co. Tax inside of two years, will loose their vote if not paid before 3rd of October. Election comes off in November, and tax must be paid 30 days before.

——Bellefonte is building a school-house for the colored children.

——Geo. W. Daley, post-master at Philipsburg, has been arrested for embezzlement, the amount of his stealings amounting to some $1500.

——The fall of the year is coming when you want stoves—Andy Reesman's is the place to buy them. He keeps the largest assortment and latest improved, and also, an endless variety of tin and sheetiron ware, cheap.

——Rev. J. H. Brown, pastor of the Luth. church, at Lewistown, died on Monday 14th, after an illness of about one year.

——Frank Dutweiler, of Aaronsburg, is at work upon a new stump machine, to work with a screw.

——The Independent district Sabbath School had a fine picnic last Saturday.

——MADISONBURG.—The Madisonburg Sabbath school held a picnic, in a grove near that place, on Saturday last. The attendance of parents and children was quite large. Appropriate addresses were made by Revs. Aurand, Stover and Bright, and Saml Gramley, esq. The Rebersburg band furnished instrumental music, and the school added to the variety by singing pretty hymns. The table was a long one, and well filled with the best of the good things that are always so abundant in Brushvalley. A watermelon wagon made its appearance on the ground during the exercises, but was ordered away. A new two story school-house has just been finished, with two large rooms below, and a hall on the second story, which we suppose is larger than any other hall in the county, outside of Bellefonte. The additional expense for the hall was borne by the citizens of the place, and they deserve credit for it.

——The last of the carload of Ohio Stone ware has been recived by Maj. Fisher, at his store, Penn Hall, and selling rapidly. All kinds of country produce is taken in exchange for ware and merchandise. Butter 25c., Eggs 20c., Lard 11c.

——Within the last 30 days Msj. Fisher has shipped 111 packages of butter, weighing 13168, all taken at his store.

——SUDDEN DEATH.—On Sunday evening last Mr. Philip Fabel, a brewer, of Lock Haven while preparing to go to work at his establishment, complained of feeling unwell, and lay down hoping soon to feel better. A workman hearing unusual sounds issue from the room occupied by Mr. Fable went to him and found him frothing violently at the mouth. A physician was sent for, but death came first. Mr. Fabel was still a young man, not having reached the thirties. His death was caused by epoplexy.—*Republican.*

SUSPICIOUS.—The Chronicle says that several weeks ago, four men and a little boy were camping in Brush Valley Narrows. When they wanted provisions, two of the men would sally forth, while the other two remained with the little boy. They frequently purchased groceries of Mr. G. W. Himmelreich, at Cowan. They inquired for daily papers, but never gave any intimation of why they wanted them, who they were, or why they so closely guarded the little boy, never allowing him to accompany them during their trips to the valley. A week or so ago, they, like the Arabs, "folded their tents and silently stole away." Since that time, the bills offering a reward of $20,000 for the recovery of little Charley B. Ross have been posted up through the country and it is remarkable how well the description of the men answer to that on the bill. The little boy was seen at different times by berry pickers, who say that he was about the age and description of Charlie B. Ross was dressed with good clothes, was a bright little fellow, and seemed entirely out of place with his company. One of our citizens went out that way on detective duty, but finding they had left gave up the search, and has since written to Pinkerton's detectives about them.

☞Subscribers owing one, two or more years on the Reporter, will oblige by remitting all or part. Our paper-man, hands and creditors look to us for Cash.

THE ELASTIC TRUSS AN ABDOMINAL SUPPORTER offered to the public, with the full assurance of the most eminent physicians and surgeons in the profession that they would supersede all metal of other Instruments in use, for the relief and cure of Hernia, Prolapsus Ut ri, and all Abdominal Weaknesses. The great number of radical cures they have effected, fully justify the confident prediction made, and has demonstrated the fact that rupture can be surely cured without suffering or annoyance, and without the danger of incuring Spinal Disease or Paralysis, often caused by the severe pressure of Metal Trusses and Supporters. ZELLER &SON, Druggists, Bellefonte, Sole Agents. Aug 27 3m

——A white breeding sow, belonging to the undersigned, has been missing for about three months. Any one giving information of the whereabouts of the same will be suitably rewarded. J. B. SOLT.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS of Potter township will open on Monday October 19th, next.

10 Sept. 3-t: By order of the Board.

——Daniel Follmer, of Gregg township, Union county, now in his 80th year, a short time since split out 47 rails in 3 hours. We also are pleased to learn that Mr. Follmer enjoys good health with more than the ordinary prospects of living to be 100 years old.—*Williamsport Sun.*

——Penn Hall Union Sabbath School has decided to hold a Christmas Festival, instead of a pic-nic.

——Heavy frosts in some portions of our county on Monday and Tuesday mornings.

——S. S. Wolf is now in the city laying in a stock of fall and winter goods. Mr. Wolf is a live and active merchant, always ready to minister to the tastes and needs of his customers and never fails to please. He sells many goods and the reason is because he keeps a good selection and sells cheap.

——The Sale of the farm of Peter Durst, dec'd, has been adjourned to Thursday, Oct., 15. See adv. in Reporter.

The farm of Rev. D. Kerr, dec'd, will be offered at public sale, Oct 16. See adv. in Reporter.

The farm of Mm. M'Minn, dec'd, will be offered at public sale, Oct. 9. See Reporter.

—— A CARD TO THE CITIZENS OF CENTRE CO.—The undersigned having been appointed agent for the American Bible Society, desires through the columns of this paper to introduce himself to its many readers. It is the aim of the Society to place the Bible in every family in the United States, as well as to send it throughout the world. To accomplish this great work money and labor must be expended The Centre Co. Bible Society, Auxiliary to the American Bible Society, has already begun its work of canvassing its Territory, distributing Bibles and soliciting funds. I have accepted the agency of this county. I expect to call upon you in your houses, carrying with me Bibles and Testaments at very low prices, and will also call upon you to help this great cause in which we are all interested. Especially do I invite the attention of the Pastors of the different congregations to this matter. Present it to your people in its proper light and importance. REV. H. C. GALBRAITH.
Agent Amer. Bible Society.

For the Reporter.

REEBERSBURG & VICINITY.

The Rebersburg Select School is about over. This evening a public entertainment will be given. All promises well, and a large attendance is anticipated. Remember it is Friday evening, Sept. 25.

C. C. Ziegler has left us for Iowa City University. He means to return in course of a few months. He left with our best wishes.

A short time since, Mr. Alvin Faust of Spring Bank, was unfortunate enough to fall off a horse, and was supposed that he did not hurt himself seriously, but on the contrary has proved fatal. He died on last Sunday night from Lock jaw. He was indeed a promising young lad of 15 summers old. Though the bloom of youth was upon his cheek ever aglow, yet he was not too young to die. 'Truly in the midst of life we are in death.'

Some Pennsvalley sports make it a fashion to visit our town still on Sabbath, and to show off, they drive through town at full gait. Now the people of this place are tired of such humbug and desire it stopped. They are not few that would rather be their prayer book than either their horses or benzine jugs.

On last Monday while Mr. Frank Barker was coming through the Gap between Washington Furnace and Tylersville, a coal train came in contact with his horse and buggy which resulted in turning horse and buggy over the bank. The horse was slightly hurt, and two wheels smashed to pieces.

The oldest citizens of this township are Mrs. Earhart and Mr. Geo. Brumgart Sr. The former is 94 years, while the latter is 92 HEW MOR.

For the Reporter.

SPAWLS FROM PENN.

The latest style was on exhibition on the street in Millheim one day last week. It was tried on an old horse and looked ridiculous. The author is living in our town and will give all the necessary information to any one who may inquire.

On last Saturday night at about 1 o'clock a party of three men came to the residence of Mr. George Swartz, Sr., in Millheim and wrapped at the door, the hired girl hearing the wrap arose and inquired who was out. The answer was, "that is our business." They were then informed that they could not enter, to which they replied, that they would enter at any rate, no matter whether the door was opened for them or not. The lady then ran up stairs, opened a window and called one of the neighbors, whereupon the party left. Who they were and what their business was, no one knows, but it is supposed that their intention was to rob the house, for a party of honest, sensible men would not call on any one at that hour, and especially in a night like last saturday night.

In speaking of the business places of our town, a few weeks ago, I very unwillingly overlooked a few, among which is the large "Pottery" owned by John Stoner; and last, but certainly not least is the extensive "marble yard" of Messrs. B. O. Deininger and A. C. Musser located at the east end of town. Both these gentlemen are expert workmen, which can easily be seen by examining their work. They have constantly all kinds of work on hand or will make to order. Give them a call which is their just due.

A would be fight occured in Millheim on Saturday eve, between the hostlers of the First and second National Hotels. As is customary a crowd had soon gathered the usual amount of encouragement was offered and it finally ended by exchanging an unreasonable amount of ungrammatical and unmannerly expressions.

Messrs. Musser and Runkle Bros. are receiving a stock of new goods at their store which they intend to sell so that every lady can afford to buy from them. The vast amount of custom that they have is sufficient to convince any one that they are honest reliable business men and doing a fair business.

The rain on Saturday night and Sunday forenoon has again supplied the great want of the people in our town. The wells that had failed are now furnishing a good supply of water.

News and money are both scarce and should not be wasted. More anon.

10 S. C.

TEACHER WANTED.

A competent Teacher, and coming well recommended, is wanted for the Centre Hall grammar school, at fair wages. Apply at once to

JOHN EMERICK,
sept 24. Director.

SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK DONE.

During the eight months, ending August 31, 1874.

No. of schools assisted in organizing,	11
" of schools addressed and aided,	64
" of schools otherwise aided,	15
Total,	90
No. of scholars and teachers in these schools,	3832.

Schools visited the second or third time are not included in these figures.

No. of conventions and institutes,	9
" addresses and sermons delivered,	103
" families religiously visited,	171
" copies of the Scriptures distributed by sale and donation,	149
" miles traveled,	2425
" amount in books and papers given away,	$54 09

In the five counties, Lycoming, Centre, Clearfield and Cameron, in which I have been laboring the past eight months, there are more than 200 Sunday Schools for which no religious denomination as such is directly responsible. They are at present necessarily unsectarian. In every way possible, I have endeavored to encourage and strengthen these schools in addition to the new schools organized and made successful. A considerable number of weak denominational schools have also been aided.

In scores of communities on this field, there would be no religious meeting of any kind throughout the year, were it not for the Sunday school.

That these schools for Bible study on the Lord's Day promote the highest welfare of community is evident to all.

Besides the direct gains to christianity, they exert a constant influence in preventing crime and reducing its cost.

I desire to express my thanks to all who cooperated with me in these efforts which have been successful wherever faithfully undertaken. Yours &c,

R. CRITTENDEN,
Missionary Amer. S. S. Union.

THE LOUISIANA TROUBLES.

New Orleans, September 15.—The State house surrendered at seven A. M. to Lieutenant Governor Penn's militia without firing a gun. Governor Penn's militia are about ten thousand strong.

The entire Metropolitan force, Kellogg militia, &c., with arms, arsenals, &c., surrendered at nine A. m. to the citizens, or Penn militia. Kellogg, Longstreet and others have taken refuge in the Custom house.

The city in the hands of acting Gov. Penn.

The Kellogg government has been overthrown, and the entire city is in the hands of the opponents. Lieutenant Governor Penn, who was elected in 1872 has taken the reins of government, and will at once install in office all those elected at the same time. The courts will be at once organized, and the entire machinery of the Government set in motion, not only in this city but throughout the State. Great excitement prevails.

Gen. Ogden declares the war over.

11 A. M.—Gen. Fred. Ogden has just made a speech from the gallery of his headquarters, stating that the war was over and advising the people to go quietly to their homes and resume their vocations.

New police force organizing.

Governor Penn this mording appointed Thomas Bayland, the well known detective, Chief of Police. Mr. Bayland is now organizing a force.

The Picayune on the situation.

The Picayune says: The decisive victories of yesterday, and the consequent demoralization of the Kellogg force made the finish this morning was a very brief affair. About eight o'clock the State House was occupied by the citizens' forces and by nine o'clock the Third Precinct Station and the Kellogg Armory, the last of the Radical government, was after a sharp little assault, captured and appropriated. So ends the Kellogg regime—big, inflated, insolent and overbearing. It collapsed at one touch of.

Honest Indignation.

and gallant onslaught, its boasted armament dissolved before the furious rush of our citizens; its sneering thieving unscrupulous chieftains hid like moles and mercenaries; fled like stampeded cattle. A dozen gallant men worth more than all the sneaking carpet-baggers and ruffian soldiers that ever squatted on a State's carcass, have been sacrificed on the altar of liberty. The blood of gentlemen and patriots have dyed the stones of our thoroughfares, and the shock is over. The Kellogg dynasty has passed into a black and bitter memory, and Louisiana throughout its borders to-day is free, Governor Penn's residence, 236 St. Charles street, was filled all the morning with citizens congratulating him on the situation.

Messrs. Marr, Ellis, Beard and others were present when the news of the surrender of the police reached them. There was universal delight and cheers. Mayor Wiltz called at the Governor's residence About ten o'clock our Metropolitans were caught in United States attire and arrested they confessed that they were Metropolitans, threw away their seats and were arried up to headquarters to be paroled.

Inside Workings of Kellogg's Rule Exposed.

Dumont, a member of the Kellogg Legislative School Board, then surrendered himself and gave some ideas of the inside workings of Kellogg. According to Mr. Dumont, Kellogg disappeared before a shot was fired and has never been heard from since.

At nine o'clock this morning Louisiana leaped from bondage into the full strength and splendor of freedom borne down, repressed, tortured and despoiled for six long weary years, the jest of speculators and the spoil of thieves. Her great arm has at last been lifted, and with one tremendous blow, the fetters have been stricken from her limbs. For this one day, if never again, she breathes the air of liberty. Her persecutors are scattered. The scurvy horde of robbers, paid ruffians and Brutal Taskmasters Banished.

RESULT OF THE CABINET MEETING—KELLOGG TO BE REINSTATED.

Washington, September 18.—A special meeting of the Cabinet was held this morning, and after consultation, the following telegram, to General Emory, was sent by the President through Adjutant General Townsend:

WAR DEPARTMENT,
ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
Washington, September 18, 1874.

To General W. H. Emory, New Orleans:

I am directed by the President to say that your acts to this date, so far as they have been reported and received here officially, are approved, except so far as they name Col. Brooke to command the City of New Orleans. It would have been better to have named him as Commander of the United States forces in that city. The State government existing at the time of the beginning of the present insurrectionary movement, must be recognized as the lawful State government until some other State government can be supplied. Upon the surrender of the insurgents, you will inform Governor Kellogg of the fact and give him necessary support to re-establish the authority of the State government. If, at the end of the five days, given in the proclamation of the 15th inst., there still exists armed resistance to the authority of the State, you will summon a surrender of the insurgents. If surrender is not quietly submitted to, it must be enforced at all hazards. This being an insurrection against the State government of Louisiana, to aid in the suppression of which, this Government has been called upon in the forms required by the Constitution and the laws of Congress thereunder, it is not the province of the United States authorities to make terms with parties engaged in such insurrection.

[Signed] E. D. TOWNSEND,
Adjutant General.

Gov. M'Enery turns over the Government to Federal Military Officers.

6 P. M.—In accordance with arrangements previously made, Gen. J. R Brooke, accompanied by Lieuts. Wallace and Rae, went to the Executive office at the St. Louis Hotel. Immediately upon the entrance of Gen. Brooke, Governors M'Enery and Penn advanced, and shaking hands with him, introduced the three Federal officers to a number of prominent citizens present.

Governor M'Enery then stated to Gen. Brooke, that he gave him possession of the State Capitol and all other State buildings within the limits of the city. Gen. Brooke merely bowed in acceptance, and the Governor read to him the following address:

Address of the Retiring Governor.

General Brooke: As the lawful and acting Governor of this State, I surrender to you, as the representative of the Government of the United States, the capitol and the remainder of the property of this city belonging to the State. This surrender is in response to a formal demand of General Emory for such surrender, or to accept as an alternative the levying of war upon our government by the military forces of the United States under his command. As I have already said to General Emory, we have neither the power nor inclination to resist the Government of the United States. Sir: I transfer to you the guardianship of the rights and liberties of the people of the State, and I trust and believe that you will give protection to all classes of our citizens, ruled and ruined by a corrupt usurpation presided over by Mr. Kellogg. Our people could bear the wrongs, tyranny, annoyance and insults of that usurpation no longer, and they arose in their might and swept it from existence, and installed in authority the rightful government, of which I am the head. All lovers of liberty throughout the Union must admit the patriotism that aroused our people to act as one man and throw off the yoke of this usurpation. I know for a soldier, you have but to obey the orders of the Government of the United States, but I feel that you will temper your military control of affairs with moderation, and in all things exhibit that integrity of purpose characteristic of the army. I now turn over to you, sir, the Capitol and other property of the State in my charge.

JOHN MCENERY.

At the conclusion of this address, Gen. Brooke was seated in the office and required from Lieutenant Governor Penn a statement of all records, etc., which were in the building when they took possession.

Gov. McEnery and his followers then withdrew, leaving the Capitol of Louisiana in possession of the military officers of the Federal government.

7 P. M.—Two companies of the Third Infantry marched down and were quartered in the capitol building. Col. Thomas Boylon—McEnery's Chief-of-Police, remains on duty with his force. The city is very quiet.

Addresses to the People.

McEnery and Penn have issued addresses to the people advising cheerful obedience to the constituted authorities.

A WIFE KILLED BY HER DRUNKEN HUSBAND.

Philadelphia, Sept. 16.—A brutal murder was committed in this city at half past eleven o'clock last night. Frank Carton, aged thirty-eight, who had been drinking to excess, entered his residence in a drunken condition. Mrs Carton and the daughter, Lizzie, were in the sitting room waiting for him. Carton told his wife to get him a clean shirt. She placed a bowl of soup on the table for him and then went up stairs. He ate the soup and when she returned to the room he attacked her in a savage manner. She exclaimed: "For God's sake don't kill me outright; let me live until to-morrow morning." No attention was paid to this appeal, and Carton knocked her down and jumped on her his heavy boots crushing her skull in a frightful manner. There was no struggle or any noise which would attract the attention of the neighbors. When the frightful assault was made, Lizzie attempted to give an alarm, but was prevented from doing so by being knocked down by her brutal father. The children who were up stairs, began to cry, and this attracted the attention of some neighbors, who were just returning from the theatre. A young woman was then sent to the house to ascertain what was the matter. When she entered she found Mrs. Carton lying on the floor, with her husband kneeling beside her. Her head was in his lap and he was engaged in bathing her head in vinegar. When this young woman entered he exclaimed: "For God's sake, what have I done?" but subsequently he said that his wife had fallen and injured herself by striking against the stove. This did not appear to be substantiated by the appearance of the room. The stove was on one side and two large clots of blood from the wounds of Mrs. Carton were on the other. Carton was arrested for the murder.

DESTRUCTION OF THE GRANITE MILLS AT FALL RIVER—LARGE NUMBER OF HANDS BURNED TO DEATH OR KILLED BY LEAPING FROM THE BUILDING.

Fall River, September, 19.—A fire broke out in Granite mill, No. 1, in this city about seven o'clock this morning, just after the operators commenced work.

The fire broke out in the fourth story. The room was instantly in flames, cutting off all ways of escape. An alarm was sounded, but before help could arrive, men women and children threw themselves from the windows. Many were instantly killed, some mortally wounded, and the remainder more or less injured. The larger number of those who remained in the room were burned to death. It is estimated that from fifty to seventy-five males have lost their lives, while as many more are badly injured. The scene at the mills and vicinity are heartrending. Mothers are seen looking for their children, and many are almost frantic with grief. All the physicians in the town were immediately summoned and rendered all possible relief to the sufferers. One man escaped from the upper room by means of a rope it is reported that he left thirty persons behind him who, it is supposed, all perished in the flames.

Another Dispatch—Falling of the Walls.

At 7.30 a. m. the walls fell in, crushing to death the unfortunates who had been unable to escape. Many women had fainted before this, and it is supposed that a number must have still been unconscious when the crash occurred, when they were killed outright and buried in the ruins. Men rushed hither and thither, blinded by smoke and terrified at the immediate prospect of a horrible death.

Fall River, September 19.—The fire is under control. Probably eight or ten lives are lost, mostly by jumping from the fifth story.

A SUPPLY TRAIN ATTACKED—THE INDIANS REPULSED.

New York, September 18.—A correspondent in camp on the Wichita river telegraphs that the supply train from General Miles' expedition, in charge of Major Lyman, of the Fifth Infantry, with one company of infantry and twenty men of the Sixth Cavalry, commanded by Lieut. West, was corralled on the Wichita river on the 9th inst., by from 400 to 500 Comanches and Kiowas. After a fight of five days the Indians were repulsed with a loss of from twenty-five to thirty killed. Lieutenant Lewis, of the Fifth infantry was badly wounded in the left leg, and two men killed and five wounded. Major Price, of the Eighth cavalry, defeated a large body of Comanches on the 15th inst. six miles to the south, killing several. Lieutenant Baldwin and three scouts, with dispatches for supplies, got through after a desperate fight, killing five and capturing one renegade. On the 12th, six couriers for supplies were surprised by 125 Comanches on the Wichito, and after a gallant defense and loss of one of their number killed, and all but two wounded, repulsed them with a loss of twelve killed.

Apology won the race for the St Leger Stakes, George Frederick had been the favorite; but was scratched from the list of starters.

The Ohio left Liverpool for Philadelphia at 2 P. M. with 60 saloon and 100 steerage passengers.

Five hundred farm laborers sailed yesterday from Liverpool for Quebec.

President MacMahon has been well received in his last tour, especially at Arras and Amiens.

The Paris Moniteur revives the rumor that the King of Bavaria is about to abdicate.

WONDERS OF A HEN'S EGG.

The following observations on the changes that occur from hour to hour during the incubation of the hen's egg are from Sturm's Reflections: The hen has scarcely sat on her eggs twelve hours before some lineaments of the head and body of the chicken appear. The heart may be seen to beat at the end of the second day; it has at that time somewhat the form of a horse-shoe, but no blood yet appears. At the end of two days two vessels of blood are to be distinguished, the pulsation of which is visible. One of these is the left ventricle, and the other the root of the great artery. At the fiftieth hour one auricle of the heart appears, resembling a noose folded down upon itself. The beating of the heart is first observed in the auricle, and afterwards in the ventricle. At the end of seventy hours, the wings are distinguishable; and on the head two bubbles are seen for the brain, one for the bill, and two for the fore and hind part of the head. Towards the end of the fourth day, the two auricles already visible draw nearer to the heart than before. The liver appears toward the fiftieth day. At the end of seven hours more, the lungs and stomach become visible, and four hours afterwards, the intestines and loins, and the upper jaw. At the one hundred and forty-fourth hour, two ventricles are visible, and two drops of blood instead of the single one which was seen before. The seventh day, the brain begins to have some consistency. At the one hundred and nineteenth hour of incubation, the bill opens, and the flesh appears in the breast. In six hours after this, the ribs appear, forming from the back and the bill is very visible, as well as the gall-bladder. The bill becomes green at the end of two hundred and thirty-six hours; and if the chicken be taken out of its covering, it evidently moves itself. At the two hundred and eighty-eighth, the ribs are perfect. At the three hundred and thirty-first, the spleen draws near the stomach, and the lungs to the chest. At the end of three hundred and fifty-five hours, the bill frequently opens and shuts; and at the end of the eighteen days the cry of the chicken is heard. It afterward gets more strength and grows continually, till at length it is enabled to set itself free from its confinement.

DARING BANK ROBBERY.

Corning, N. Y., Sept. 17.—Early this morning at Wellsboro, Pa., five marked men effected an entrance into the residence of President Robinson of the first National Bank and gagged and bound the occupants. President Robinson, Cashier Robinson, Mrs. Robinson and Mrs. Smith a daughter of Mr. Robinson. They then compelled the cashier to accompany them to the bank and throw open the vault when they helped themselves to about $50,000, principally in currency. Returning with Mr. Robinson to his home, they placed the members of the family facing each other and told them to converse freely. They took from the finger of Mrs. Smith a ring valued at $800, kissed Mrs. Robinson who fainted, and then took their departure in two carriages.

A reward of $5,000 was offered for their arrest $1,000 for either of the gang. It is supposed that the robbers have gone to Elmira. The bank has a large surplus and is solvent.

SIMPLE CURE FOR BOILS.

Dr. Simon, Physician of Lorraine, gives us a new cure for boils, namely, by treating them with camphored alcohol. As soon as the culmination point of a boil makes its appearance he puts a little of the liquid in a saucer, and dipping the ends of his little fingers in it, rubs the inflamed surface, especially the central part, repeating the operation eight or nine times for about half a minute. He then allows the surface to dry, placing over it a slight coating of camphorated olive oil. He says that four such applications will, in almost all cases, cause boils to dry up and disappear; the operation to be performed morning, noon and evening. The announcement of so simple a cure for such a painful malady will bear repetition.

THE WHEAT CROP.

The pith of the wheat prospect is that this year there is apparently but one customer in the market for wheat, viz., Great Britain, and that the estimated requirement of this customer is about 75,000,000 to 85,000,000 bushels, while Russia, Germany, Turkey, Hungary, and other European countries have a sufficient surplus this year to satisfy the requirements of Great Britan. In addition to this, we also are ready to export some 70,000,000 or 80,000,000 bushels of wheat. It appears, further, that wheat has fallen from $1.60 in September, 1873, to $1.20 in September, 1874; and, what is of the most vital importance, the farmers are holding back their crops in order, as it seems, to secure higher prices.

So short-sighted a policy on the part of farmers is unfortunate. The facts that there is an over-supply of wheat all over the world and a short demand in England seem to be fully established. It is therefore obvious that the earliest sellers are likely to get the best price. If England needs 80,000,000 bushels of wheat and finds herself supplied as early as November or December with 60,000,000 bushels, all the additional supply must necessarily be depressed in price. And if we allow Russia, Hungary, Turkey, and Germany to take the keen edge off the demand, we will only in the end force our great wheat surplus on an over-stocked market. It is indeed not encouraging to find that our purchasing power as measured by the standard of wheat, for instance, has so decreased that anything like an average crop in Europe entails loss on our farmers who raise wheat.

SUICIDE.

Mrs. Carolina Moyer, wife of Levi Moyer, residing on the farm of Mrs. Francis Bitner, near Eagleysville, Montgomery county, committed suicide on Saturday morning by hanging herself. Mr. Moyer was awakened by the crying of his infant child about 4 A. M., and on attempting to awaken his wife found to his astonishment that she was not in bed. The alarm was at once given. Mrs. Moyer, mother of Mr. Moyer, who also lives in the house, assisted her son in the search for the missing woman. On going out on the front porch she found her suspended by the neck and already dead. No cause can be assigned for the rash act of self-destruction, as her domestic relations were of the most pleasant character. She was about 40 years of age, and leaves a family of five small children.

The rainy weather was getting a little monotonous.

The cranberry crop has suffered from the ravages of worms.

It is not common for passengers on railroad trains to lose their hats on windy days.

P. T. Barnum and bride were among the passengers on the Erie mail west yesterday morning.

The rains have given a new impetus to grass, which had been rapidly going to decay.

Observation of garbage receptacles shows that at this season the refuse of melons is one of the most active agents in charging the atmosphere with vegetable poison.

Cars passing through Carlisle are allowed to run at the rate of seven miles per hour.

Tilton's last statement occupies twenty-four columns of the Graphic, and unless he is the most consumate liar in existence and all the letters he publishes from Mrs. Tilton and others are forgeries, Beecher's guilt cannot be questioned. He ought to step down and out.

Those who believe Beecher to be innocent must admit that he kept rather unsavory company—According to the accounts which his associates give of each other. The list comprises Tilton, Mr. Woodhull, Mrs. Morse, Carpenter, (the painter), Tennie Claflin, General Butler, Miss Anthony.—Moulton, too, was a chief amongst them, and he does not try out as a proper "guide, philosopher and friend" for a "christian minister," although certainly he was the most respectable of the lot. It may be well to note the fact that the whole batch, both male and female, were prominent Radical leaders. We never heard of a Democrat who belonged to Beecher's "meeting."

A divine of the Evangelical church, who sails under the euphoneous name of Smith, a widower, who taught school for a few terms in Sugar Valley and then took to the pulpit, is wanted over there to father a youngster that has recently made its appearance and been assigned to him by the mother of the babe Smith has not responded to the call and when sought for, was found to have left for parts unknown. —*Clinton Democrat.*

A few days ago while R. R. Bridgens and a number of others from Lock Haven were hunting deer, up the country, poisoned meat was placed in the course of the dogs owned by the party—choice blooded hounds—and a number of them died. A reward of $200 is offered for the arrest and conviction of the party or parties who are guilty.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

Amherst College has 110 Freshmen.

Josh Billings says, "Tew enjoy a good reputashun, giv publicly and steal privately.

The Kellog people have found out by this time that Lieut.-Gov. Penn is not all wrlie.

Mr. J. A. Garth Marshall of Leeds, England, recently lost his life on Mount Blanche by falling down a crevasse, with his guide.

Mr. Beecher is now greatly sought after for agricultural fairs. Gov. Smyth of New Hampshire went to Twin Mountains to engage him, but was unsuccessful.

Those who know human nature tell
That while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return
Everything but your umberella.

Albany confectionaries are selling "paroxysmal kisses."

They have discovered a way to keep peddlers out of houses in Troy. It is by posting the notice, "Small-pox here," on the front doors.

A swarm of bees have established themselves on the top of the highest church steeple in Cincinnati. They have shown good sense in locating. What better place for a beeholder during a procession, a big fire, a riot or a freshet?

The International Postal Congress has resolved to recommend uniform rates of postage in all territory embraced by the postal union.

The differences which caused the strike of mill operatives at Bolton have been referred to arbitrators.

The preliminaries of the trial of Kulmann, who attempted to shoot Bismarck, have been completed. The prisoner is to be tried in Wurzburg the middle of October.

The equinoxial storm is apparently over.

The latest full dress fan is diamond shaped.

The lessen of the drought—save up for a rainy day.

Delightful moonlight evenings may now be looked for.

A strong decoction of sweet fern, it is said, will cure ivy poison.

Coal transportation on the Philadelphia and Reading railroad is very light

MARRIAGES.

On 10, inst., at the Reformed parsonage, Rebersburg, Mr. Adam Venada, of Nittany Valley, to Miss Sarah J. Roush, of Brushvalley.

DEATHS.

On 10, inst., in Sugar Valley, of Cholera Infantum, Anne Girtrude, and on 12, Kate Mermeda, daughters of Mr. John and Alice Strohecker; respective ages, 1 year, 9 months, 2 days, and 4 years, 3 months, and 2 days.

On 10, in Spring twp., Jacob Barnhart, aged 91 years, 4 months and 20 days.

On 13, in Howard twp., Judge Packer, aged 64 years.

PUBLIC SALE.—Pursuant to an order of the Orphan's Court of Centre county, the undersigned will offer at public sale on the premises in Potter twp., on Friday, October 9, 1874, the following described real estate, late of Wm. M'Minn, dec'd, to wit: A VALUABLE FARM, situate in Potter twp., two miles west of Potters Mills, bounded on the north by land of Jesse Royer and Wm. Boal, on the east by lands of Philips and Glassgow, and John Meyer, on the South by lands of Wm. Farner and John Messinger, on the west by lands of Robert Lee, containing 112 ACRES more or less. 85 acres cleared and in a good state of cultivation, and a considerable portion of the farm enclosed with a new post-fence. The improvements are a two story dwelling house, bank-barn, wash-house, smoke-house, wagon-shed and other outbuildings; a never failing well with a pump in it near the kitchen door. Also a good tenant house, stable and other outbuildings near the main dwelling house; two good orchards, bearing fruit of the best quality. Also a tract of TIMBERLAND, situate in said township, containing 15 acres of good timber within one mile of the farm. Persons desiring to view the premises will please call on either of the undersigned, residing within a short distance of the farm. Sale to commence at 2 o'clock p. m. Conditions made known on day of sale by

A. LUKENBACH,
E. E. M'MINN.
Administrators.

24 sep. td.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE.

Will be offered at Public Sale, on the premises, in Potter twp., on THURSDAY, October 15th 1874.

The following real estate, belonging to the Estate of Peter Durst, dec'd., consisting of a valuable farm of 13 ACRES, more or less, situate 1 mile from Potters Mills. Thereon erected a TWO STORY DWELLING HOUSE, BANK BARN and other outbuildings, with two good orchards and all kinds of the best fruit on the premises, and a good spring of never failing water near the house. Also,

Eighty Acres of Timberland,

situate in Potter twp., 2 miles from Potters Mills. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, p. m. Terms will be made known on day of sale.

JOHN RISHEL,
JOSHUA POTTER,
Executors.

24 sep. td.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE.

In pursuance of an order of the Orphan's Court of Centre County, the undersigned will offer at public sale, on the premises, on Friday, October 16, 1874, a

VALUABLE FARM,

situate in Potter twp., 2½ miles west of Potters Mills, known as the farm of Rev. Daniel Kerr, dec'd, containing about

ONE HUNDRED ACRES.

Bounded on the east by lands of Wm Rishel, on the south and west by public road, north by lands of Mr Shadow and John Stoner. Thereon erected a good TWO STORY FRAME HOUSE, BANK-BARN, and first class outbuildings, good fruit of all kinds, and a never failing spring of water near the house.

TERMS.—One-third of the purchase money on confirmation of sale; the ballance in two equal annual payments, to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises with interest. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, p. m.

W. W. SPANGLER,
24 sep. td. Administrator.

Milwaukee, Sept. 15.—Chief Justice Ryan has concluded the reading of his opinion in the railroad injunction case. The court affirms the constitutionality of the Potter law and directs an injunction to issue compelling all railroads in the state to comply with its provisions.

Wm. Chandler, superintendent of improvements at Pensacola navy yard, and his wife both died there, of yellow fever, on Saturday.

The house on the farm of Hugh Aikens, in Triester Valley, Armagh township occupied by John J. Aikens, caught fire from the stove in the shanty kitchen about noon on Friday last and was entirely consumed Saw mill men were working near by, and with their help the occupants and a few neighbors were enabled to get out a portion of the furniture, about $200 worth being consumed. The sheds which stood between the house and barn were saved. The barn took fire twice, but by the heroic efforts of those present it was preserved. The house was built of logs and weatherboarded.—*Gazette.*

MARKETS.

Produce.

Chicago, September 21.—Flour quiet and unchanged. Wheat quiet and weak; No. 1 spring $1 03; No. 2 $1 20; No. 3 91¢; rejected 88c. Corn—demand active and prices advanced; No. 2 mixed 82¢ spot; 81¢ seller September; 79¢ seller October; 73c seller year. Oats—demand fair and prices advanced, No. 2 52c cash 51c seller September; 49c seller October; white 53@54c. Rye steady and in moderate demand; No. 1 91c. Barley dull and unsettled; No 2 $1 15 spot; $1 12 September; No. 3 92@94c. Pork very dull; jobbing at $23 cash; $17 95 seller year.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.

White Wheat $1 15 Red 110..., Rye..... 85.....Corn 85 ....Oats 50.....Barley 80. 70.....Clover seed 4,50.....Potatoes 60 Lard per pound 8.....Pork per pound 06 Butter 20.....Eggs 15. .....Plaster per ton $15 Tallow 8.....Bacon 10.....Ham 15 Lard per pound 8 cents.....Buckwheat 65 cts.,.....Flour per barrel retail 7,00... Nova Scotia plaster $14 to 15. Cayuga plaster $9,50 per 2000 lbs.

CAUTION.—All persons are hereby cautioned against meddling in any manner whatever, with the personal property mentioned below, as I have purchased the same, at public sale, on 11th day of September, 1874 as property of Andrew H. Foust, and will leave the same in poss

Farm, Garden and Household.

Domestic Recipes.

INDIAN CAKE.—One and a half cups of flour, the same of meal and milk, one-half cup of sugar, butter the size of an egg, a teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar.

FURNITURE POLISH.—Make a mixture of three parts linseed oil, and one part spirits of turpentine. It not only covers the disfigured surface, but restores wood to its original color, and leaves a lustre upon the surface. Put on with a woolen cloth, and rub with woolen.

BAKED INDIAN PUDDING.—Scald a quart of milk, stir into it seven tablespoonfuls of sifted Indian meal, a teaspoonful of salt, a teacupful of molasses, and a desert spoonful of ginger. If you want whey pour in a little cold milk after it is mixed. Bake three or four hours.

HOW TO MAKE APPLE DUMPLINGS.—First procure good sour, juicy apples, pare and core, leaving them in halves. Get all your ingredients ready before beginning to mix your dough; sugar, soda, sour milk, lard, salt, flour and apples. Now make dough as for soda biscuits, only adding a little more lard, to make it shorter. Take a bit of dough out on the kneading board, and after kneading, roll this as for pie crust. Then cut in pieces long enough to cover an apple, allowing for lapping the edges. Put in two of your apple halves, sweeten according to taste, and cover apple and sugar with dough. Lay the dumplings in your bread pan, smooth the side up, first having your pan well-buttered. Proceed in this manner until you get your pan well-filled, (be sure it is a large-sized pan, for they will go off like hot-cakes), then place a small bit of butter on the top of each dumpling, sprinkle a handful of sugar over all, then place in a moderate oven, and allow them to bake one hour. Serve (not too hot) with pudding sauce, or with cream and sugar.

How to Build a Round Stack.

The proper way to build a round stack, whether of hay, straw, grain, or corn-stalks, is to begin by laying a foot deep upon the ground of old undamaged straw, hay, or fodder. In the middle of this layer, a common hay-fork should be set up, by thrusting the prongs into the ground through the straw, etc. Then, with another hay-fork, whose prongs are placed closely against the handle of the upright one, the bed is made exactly circular, conforming at the circumference with the radius of the circle which the second fork represents. If corn-stalks or corn-fodder is to be stacked, a few sheaves are placed upright in the center, upon their butts, and others are placed against them, leaning slightly, and gradually sloping more and more as each row of sheaves is placed around the central core, until the circumference of the stack is reached. When this occurs, another lot of sheaves or bundles is placed in the center, sloping somewhat toward the outside, and another layer of sheaves is placed on the stack. There is no need to spread the stack, as it settles, the pressure from the center will spread the stack at the point sufficiently to cast off the rain and drip from the sides.

The narrowing is a very important part of the building. Each layer of sheaves is now to be placed within the center, more nearly upright than the last, until the last few sheaves in the center are perfectly upright, and the stack is finished off with a collar of sheaves, placed around one central one and bound firmly with a hard, twisted straw rope. The stack should be topped off with sheaves placed butts uppermost, and well-trodden down and made compact. Rain will run off from a covering made in this manner, finding no lodgment in the joints, from which the leaves spring, as it will do if the sheaves are placed with the butts downward. The collar which finishes off the peak of the stack, must of course be placed with the butts downward, as the stack terminates in a point closely bound. When hay or straw is stacked, the builder should stand in the center all the time, and keep that part always the highest. Then the central portion will settle less than the eaves, and the stack will shed water, and although water should penetrate in places, it will always find a course toward the outside of the stack, and the center can never be injured. If on the contrary, the builder stands, as he frequently does, upon the verge of the stack, following the pitchers around, the center will settle the most and will be hollow. If water does enter, as it will almost infallibly do, it penetrates to the center, and finds its way through the stack to the bottom and the contents are spoiled.

Too Much Physicking.

There is nothing respecting which mankind is more credulous, than the effect of medicines indiscriminately administered to their own species, and to domestic animals. If poultry are sick, they are dosed with the first thing that somebody recommends, without endeavoring to ascertain what the ailment really is. Then if, in spite of the drugs the bird gets well, the medicine gets the credit, and acquaintances are advised to administer blue-pill, jalap, colchicum, cayenne, carbolic acid, or whatever it happens to be. But if the fowl dies under treatment, it was not the fault of the drug, but the bird was too far gone before treatment, that's all. "Nature did it." We do not condemn all doctoring of poultry. We hope that in all instances, where it will pay, it will be intelligently performed. But it will not pay in ordinary instances to fuss with a sick fowl, because of its small value, even when the disease and the appropriate remedy are both clearly understood. If the medicine can be mixed with the food, so as to dose the whole flock at once, but little pains-taking is required. But where there is one patient, and it must be caught and held by one person, while another forces a pill down his throat, better off with his head and have done with it. Still, this method, though convenient, is not very scientific, and will not be popular with those poultry keepers who have specimens, in these days of rare breeds and high prices, worth $10 to $100 each. When fowls are worth as much as sheep or cattle, it will pay to spend as much time in doctoring the one as the other. But let us go slowly and surely, and not drug until we know what the complaint is, and what effect the medicine will produce. The notion that the prescription will do no harm if it fails to do good, is mischievous, because apt to be false.

To Preserve Grapes.

A lady from Westfield, Pa., sends the following: First, pick off all unsound or unripe grapes, and lay the clusters in an empty room on papers until dry, for in all packages some will be crushed and dampen others. Then any empty crate will do to pack them in. First a layer of grapes, then a thickness of paper, so as to exclude the air and keep them separate, then grapes and then paper, and so on until you have three or four layers—no more than four. If the box is to hold more, put in a partition to support the others that are to be packed. We packed hundreds of pounds thus last year, and they kept perfectly until the middle of March, and, had the supply not been exhausted, they could have been kept much longer.

Chicken Cholera.

Chicken cholera is caused by several things. Damp, unclean quarters, impure water or a scarcity of water, indigestion produced from want of gravel, overfeeding or unwholesome food, and too much confinement will each and all produce it. The removal of the cause is the first remedy; the next is to give a teaspoonful of castor oil, followed by a pill of castile soap and black pepper, several times a day, with boiled sweet milk and bread for feed, and clean water, in which a little copperas has been dissolved, for drink. Prevention consists in close attention to the welfare of the fowls and the occasional use of all these remedies.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

Extraordinary Fulfillment of a Dream—A Truant Husband Discovered—A Wife's Magnanimity.

The bigamist was a party by the name of Smith. He was connected with the Junction Hotel, Lafayette, Ind., and had resided there for two or three years. He has conducted himself in an exemplary manner, and in a few months after his arrival there won the hand of a worthy young lady in marriage. They lived happily, and have one or two children. A few days ago wife No. 1, accompanied by a handsome youth of fifteen (her eldest son), dropped in quite unexpectedly to tea.

Her husband had left home in Ohio two years ago, to find a location where the family might grow up with the country, but somehow he forgot to write, and the deserted wife had well nigh despaired of ever seeing him again, when his whereabouts were revealed to her in the remarkable coincidence of a dream. She saw in a vision a building so much like the Junction Hotel that, although she had seen the house but once, it was vividly recalled to mind.

In one of the windows of this hotel, as shown in the dream, sat the long lost husband with an infant babe in his arms. She was so impressed that she started the next week for Lafayette, and, strange to say, immediately on leaving the train on the afternoon of her arrival, she saw her husband and the babe in precisely the same attitude as revealed to her in the dream. There was a scene.

The first impulse of the too much married runaway was to deny his identity; but the absurdity of the proceeding was so manifest that he acknowledged his guilt. He made some poor excuse in palliation of his desertion of wife No. 1; and, finally, acknowledging his error, besought the forgiveness of both. "Do with me as you think best," said he, "I will return in an hour and abide your decision."

But they were rather reluctant to let him go for an hour. He was the only husband they had, and, although it was a partnership affair, they seemed a little doubtful about the propriety of letting him out of sight. So they gently intimated that he need not trouble himself to retire; and, in fact, they rather insisted that he "set right down and face the music." So he awaited their decision. The two wives withdrew to the corner of the room and talked about the late sad its penalties. She softened after awhile.

Then they both took a good cry, and wife No. 2 said to wife No. 1, "I suppose you have the first claim, any way. Take him and let me go back to my mother's." Then she sobbed violently. Wife No. 1 walked to the window, looked out for a moment in meditation, and returning took the young wife by the hand, and said, "No, I will not take him from you. I had become quite accustomed to his absence, and now that I know the world knows that his leaving was for no fault of mine, I will go back as I came. You are young. You have a young babe. I am older, and have a son well-nigh able to support me, and I will not interfere. Good-by to both of you," and saying this much, only this and nothing more, she left the room.

She remained in Lafayette for two days, as though hesitating in her magnanimous resolve, but finally took the cars for her home near Cincinnati. She refused any further interviews, and when asked if she would not write a line on her arrival home, said "No, I don't want to hear of you again, and I shall change my place of residence this fall. I am very unhappy about this business. I did not deserve this at his hands, but I wish you well; so do not bother me any more." Thus is the romance of Enoch Arden outdone.

The New Era in Farming.

The good old days, of which we hear so much, have passed away. It is questionable whether they are to be regretted; more than certain they are not, so far as farming is concerned. The good old days of one-horse, happy-go-lucky agriculture are indeed over. There was a time when the motto would seem to be, to do as one's father had done, until by repeated experiment and multiplied failures one learned better; to receive on no account any information whatever, and to keep to oneself, as much as possible, any discovery made.

The tendency now is quite opposite, and as liberal and far-sighted in policy as the other was narrow-minded and retrogressive. It is the object with farmers to facilitate inter-communication and exchange of useful knowledge, rather than to shut out the news and keep at home the improvements. No sensible farmer fears that by announcing to his neighbors methods of getting over certain difficulties or accomplishing certain ends, he is thus encouraging a set of men, put upon his own plane, to compete with and injure him. He knows that for every single hint given out by him, in return he receives many; and that as he is benefited by others it is only fair to reciprocate as far as he is able. The truth is, that there is no class of men so cordially willing to impart information, so mutually helpful, so neighborly, as the farmers.

This state of feeling is in turn the cause and the result of the agricultural papers, the books, the farmers' clubs and the granges. Without the generous instinct, these instruments of progress could not exist, and it is itself fostered, finally, by its own offspring.—*Rural Press.*

A Swell at the Gallows.

The first Earl of Holland was a great dandy, who played a prominent and not altogether reputable part in the history of his time. He was a favorite at the courts of James I. and Charles I., but when the civil war broke out he at first sided with the parliament against the king. In an unlucky hour he went over to the royalist side, took up arms against the Commonwealth, was defeated, made prisoner, put to trial, and duly sentenced to lose his head. He appeared upon the scaffold in a white satin vest and cap trimmed with silver lace. His costly garments were the lawful perquisites of the executioner, to whom the earl said, as he approached the block: "Here, my friend, let my body and my clothes alone; there is ten pounds for thee; that is better than my clothes, I am sure. And when you take up my head, do not take off my cap." Then, laying his neck upon the block, he added: "Stay, while I give the sign." After a brief prayer he stretched out his hand, saying, "Now! now!" The word had hardly left his lips when the axe fell, and the head was severed from the body at a single stroke.

The Cook.

The death of Professor Blot recalls a story of "real thrift" on the part of a domestic which was told at the time of the course of lectures on cookery, delivered in Boston. A lady, at her own expense, sent her cook to the professor's class, and was delighted with her progress. At the end of the course she expressed to the cook her gratification at the result, and was surprised to learn that that functionary was engaged in looking for pastures new. "Why, Bridget, you are not going to leave me; if I had not intended to remain with us, I should not have sent you to learn cooking." "And, indade, mum, you don't expect me to cook in the new way on the old wages."

TOIL.—Something of the Old-World fondness for play, and daily or weekly indulgence in it, should become habitual among our workers. Toil would be sweeter if there were a reward at the end of it; work would be gentle when used as a means for securing a pleasure which stands closer than an old age of ease; character would be softer and richer and more child-like, when acquired among genial, every-day delights. The all-subordinating strife for wealth, carried on with fearful struggles and constant self-denials, makes us petty, irritable and hard.

THE ESCAPE OF BAZAINE.

The True Story of the Affair, as Told by a Correspondent.

The true story of the escape of Marshal Bazaine is thus told by a French correspondent: He was, like all other prisoners, kept under lock and key, and could in all honor attempt to escape if he wished to do so. I must tell you that of late his captivity had become intolerable to the prisoner. He is a man of very stout make, and one who had always been accustomed to a very great deal of exercise on horseback. Since, in May, 1872, he was made a prisoner in Versailles until now, he had never been able to move save under the eyes of a sentinel, and to walk under their never-ending supervision so disgusted him that for some time he gave it up altogether. He is now sixty-two years of age and weighs at the very least sixteen stone. To believe that such a man and at his age could slip down a rope hanging over a cliff that is nearly forty feet high is an astonishing piece of credulity even for a French journalist. The Marshal walked out of the door of his prison a little before daylight on Monday, and yet there was no one inside the fort who was privy to his act or who played the traitor to the Government. The plan was very simple indeed. For some weeks beforehand a disguise had been prepared by Mme. Bazaine herself. Bit by bit this was brought outside the fort and hidden. The Marshal never slept in his bed that night, but a lay figure was put there to deceive the Governor when he locked up for the night. Before daybreak, about 4:45 A. M., the gates of the fort were opened as usual, and some of the garrison, as is their custom, went beyond the walls. The prisoner was dressed in a laborer's blouse to hide his bulky figure, and carried on his back a huge sack of rubbish, as if he were going to throw it into the sea. The scheme succeeded because it was bold and plucky. No one for a moment could suspect that either the prisoner was not under lock and key, or that he would dream of walking coolly out of the fort. Once outside he had merely to walk down to where the boat pas waiting, get into it, and be rowed to the steamer which his wife had hired ready to take him away. It was a question of time—of minutes—whether he could get on board before his absence was discovered, which it would sure to be at 6 A. M., the time when he was always visited by one of the prison authorities. The rope stained with blood was hung over the parapet very late the night before, in order to put the authorities on a false scent, and most effectually it did so. Even now the popular belief is that Bazaine, a heavy, unwieldy man, who for more than two years has hardly taken enough exercise to maintain him in ordinary health, who is, moreover, sixty-two years of age, was able to scramble down a height of thirty or more feet by means of a not over stout rope, and to make his way to a boat which must have been dancing upon the waves at the risk of being dashed to pieces, so stormy was the night, so high the wind, and so great the downfall of rain. In the boat he found a near relative and his brave wife, the latter holding an oar and helping to keep the boat in its place.

The rest is soon told. On board the steamer they were watching for the boat, and when the latter put off from the island the steamer came slowly towards it. In a quarter of an hour he was on board, and in two hours he was on Italian ground.

Long Battle between Oxen.

The Augusta (Me.) *Journal* has the following account of a protracted battle between two oxen in that State:

"Mr. Chadwick and Mr. Sullivan Erskine have a pasture in common at South China, which they use for the pasturage of cattle. They have the present season had several yokes of cattle in the pasture. Mr. Chadwick and Mr. Erskine have each an ox with a lopped or crooked horn, the right horn of one and the left horn of the other having that peculiar formation. For several days these cattle had been missing; when the other cattle came up these were not among the number. How many days they had been missing before search was instituted, is not definitely known, but becoming alarmed, the owners went in quest of them. Coming to an opening in the woods, covering an area of about half an acre, Mr. Chadwick, who went in search, came upon a sickening spectacle. The lopped horns of the oxen were clasped, and the exhausted animals, united compactly, stood face to face, waiting for death, having apparently given up the struggle. It is supposed that while they were engaged in play, their horns became entangled; failing to disconnect themselves, a terrible struggle of several days took place. The open space was literally torn up, as though it had been plowed with a sub-soil plow. When they were turned into the pasture they were large, fat, seven-feet oxen, but now they have become so emaciated and famished, that a person could almost clasp them around with his arms. They were perfectly docile when found, but Mr. Chadwick could not untie the knot. The horn of each was sunk deep into the other's head, and it was only by calling help, and sawing the horns off, that a separation could be effected. There were festering sores where the horns went in. Thus a mortal combat, lasting eight days, had been gone on, between these oxen, who in that time had not partaken of any sustenance, and perhaps had not been able to lie down. Their jaws had to be pried open, and gruel administered to them. Their heads had been united so closely, that their faces were bare to the bone. It is possible the animals may live."

Where to Purchase.

A correspondent writes that she has been badly swindled by an itinerant vender of dry goods, who visited her house with a large tin case. We have little sympathy for the lady, however devoid of galantry our reply may be. We have little sympathy for anybody who is swindled by traveling frauds. The place to buy anything you need is of your town or village merchant. He has are putation to maintain, and it is for his interest to sell you what you want, and to deal honorably by you. If he unintentionally defrauds you, it is to his interest to correct the error, and he will do it, as he will very soon lose his custom, and be confident to give place to an honest man. The man who trades about the country has nothing in view beyond the present sale and what he can make out of that. No person who buys from him expects anything else than being swindled. Purchase nothing unless you want it, and then purchase from your town merchant, is good advice under all circumstances.

THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.—The Saratoga correspondent of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* tells this improbable story: "I am told that at Long Branch a young lady from Washington, daughter of a distinguished general, entered into a conspiracy with one of the jockeys for the purpose of buying a French pool. She paid five dollars and won eleven hundred. She rewarded the jockey for his astuteness in selecting the right horse by giving him a grand dinner at one of the hotels. The ladies are certainly being educated up to the men's standard of excitement in their growing interest in races.

THE ONION.—The onion has received the following eulogy: "Where it is possible to eat the onion it is not possible that offenses come in the shape of stock-carrying, of broken banks, and dishonored bonds. Where it is possible to eat the onion there is rest for the female mind. No vexing toilette in the front pew; no superlative establishment 'over the way' tortures with the vain effort to rival and surpass it; there is rest for the wearied mother of much-dressed children, there is jubilee for the children themselves. Go where the onion waits thee, where the keen appetite of the hills craves it to crown the feast."

ANTHRAX FEVER.

The Fatal Cattle Disease in Connecticut—Rich Pasturage the Cause—It is not Spinal-Meningitis.

A report from Newtown, Conn., made known the rather alarming fact that in the rich region surrounding that pleasant town, there was raging a disease, especially among fine cattle, which bade fair to do much damage. Out of 110 four-year-old steers, brought from the West by Mr. Fairchild, seventy were seized with the disease, and eight died within a very short time. They were first treated by the local veterinary surgeons, as if they had been poisoned, but, after the death of several, a post-mortem examination was held, which disclosed the fact that the principal disease was in the spleen, although the kidneys and bowels were found in an inflamed condition, yet not sufficiently so to have caused death. However, the doctors disagreed as to the epidemic, and an expert professor of veterinary science in the Massachusetts Agricultural College, was called in to decide as to the mortality among the cattle. He immediately pronounced it anthrax fever, very closely allied to carbon, or black leg.

A reporter, in an interview with the Professor, elicited the following very important information in regard to the disease:

Professor—There is no doubt at all that the disease is anthrax fever, which is strictly a disease of the blood.

Reporter—And not spinal-meningitis, as described?

Professor—Not at all. It arises from rich, succulent pasturage, and cattle, thin and poor, are never attacked.

Reporter—How is the disease discovered?

Professor—At first the beast loses appetite, then withdraws from the rest of the herd, and is seized with fever and trembling.

Reporter—How do you detect fever in the animals?

Professor—Very easily. By means of a "fever thermometer," which is passed into the bowel passage and is self-registering, the normal temperature—ranging about ninety-eight—is found to be increased to 106—in many cases when the disease is at its height, gradually subsiding (through debility) to its normal temperature before death.

Reporter—What is found to be the blood?

Professor—In all cases thin and watery, having undergone important chemical changes.

Reporter—How long do cattle live after they are attacked?

Professor—From one to five days. It is not a new disease, however; it appeared in Berkshire county, Massachusetts, about 1870, and has been considered in reports made to the State Veterinary Surgeon.

Reporter—How do you treat it?

Professor—With carbolates of iron, soda and lime; also with bitter tonics and stimulants. You see the fine pasturage produces a plethora of good, rich blood, and the valves in the splenic veins, give way under the pressure, congestion is caused, and spleens which should only weigh one-and-one-half pounds in a normal and healthy condition, weigh from seven to ten pounds during this disease, and the spleens become decomposed, and incapable of bearing the excessive weight. This is the simple pathology of the disease.

Reporter—Then I understand you that no animals but those having valves in the splenic veins are subject to anthrax fever?

Professor—Precisely so. None of the carnivorous animals are subject to it. Pigs have it, and it is known as hog cholera. Horses are affected by it in the same manner, and it is time it should be better understood.

Power on the Farm.

A horse team, if a good one, as it should be, will cost say $300. It will last, if properly used, twenty years. Divide the $300 by twenty, and we have $15 yearly for wear. The interest of $300 is $21 per year. The keeping of the team: grain, $70; hay, $120; total, $226 per year. Deducting $26 for the manure, there will be left $200 yearly expense for a horse team.

A mule can be raised or purchased at a less cost—shall we say one-third less?—making the wear but $5 a year (reckoning the service forty years, double that of the horse), interest $14, expense of feeding, say grain $50, other fodder $80, in all amounting to $149 a year—a difference annually of $50, or one-fourth. And yet the same amount of work, if not more, is performed. This for one team, which in the course of a man's average lifetime on the farm, will amount to a nice sum. Where a large force is employed, the advantages of using mule power will show in large figures.

As to the ox-team, it can hardly be said to be a competitor. Cheapness is its recommendation. The yoke and chain are its harness. Its keep compares favorably with both the horse and mule; and so its original cost. It is handy, always in harness, always ready; and, if a good heavy pair, is fitted for heavy work, such as plowing sod (doing the work here of three ordinary horses), hauling heavy loads, etc. But its years of labor are comparatively few. Its carcass, however, can be turned off to an advantage. But cattle, whether oxen, bulls or cows, will never supplant the mule or the horse. The little advantage they afford is exception.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

The Late Parepa-Rosa.

Lucy Hooper, writing to the Philadelphia *Press*, says: "I have recently heard some touching details connected with the last hours of the beloved and lamented Parepa-Rosa. She was in unusual health and spirits during the day that immediately preceded her death, and one day she not only rehearsed the whole of 'Lohengrin,' but also entertained some company in the evening. That night her child was born—dead. On learning the fact of the death of this ardently expected and long-desired infant, the shock seemed to turn the poor mother's brain; she became delirious, wildly accusing herself of having caused the death of her child by imprudence and over-exertion, and in that state she continued till her death. Her husband is sadly broken down, both in health and spirits, by his great loss, and, though he is now engaged in forming an English opera troupe, to travel during the coming season through the leading cities of Great Britain, he is said to be totally indifferent and spiritless, possessing scarce a shadow of his old business energy and artistic enthusiasm. How well I remember the grand farewell performance of the Parepa troupe in New York; the crowded house, the overwhelming enthusiasm, the scarcely concealed emotion of the sweet and loveable and womanly prima donna, and the agitated farewell speech of Carl Rosa himself: 'God willing,' he cried, 'we will soon be with you again!' But God was not willing, for the other half of that impetuous 'we' will never return to us any more."

Colt's Firearms.

The statement has been often made that, in the British Museum, several firearms are to be found, made on almost the exact principle which constitutes the chief peculiarity of Colt's revolvers of the present day, and that, therefore, the so-called invention of the latter is simply a fraud. The fact appears to be, however, that Colt, entirely unaware at first of any previous attempts to produce such weapons, made a series of experiments on skeleton firearms, which were very successful; but subsequently he fell into many of the errors of his predecessors, for, by covering the breech and the mouths of the chambers, simultaneous explosion of several charges constantly occurred. This induced the restoration of the arms nearly to their original skeleton form, and the result was the production of the present perfect arm which has obtained such world-wide celebrity, and the manufacture of which may be said to be fully as marvelous as the weapon itself, the several parts being forged, planed, rifled, and engraved almost entirely by machinery designed for the purpose.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

Interesting Items from Home and Abroad.

While Antoine Wall, aged 14, was gathering sawdust in a planing mill in Philadelphia, her head came in contact with a circular saw, and was severed from her body..... The boy John Schutieburg, who was arrested on charge of obstructing the track of the Canarsie, L. I., railroad, by which a locomotive was upset in the ditch, when arranged, admitted that he placed the log of wood on the rails, and then wanted to see the locomotive go over it. He added that he did it for fun, and did not suppose that any damage could be done.....It is estimated that the cotton crop of California this season will amount to 210,000 pounds..... Twenty-two agricultural laborers, marching through the north of England, were ordered into custody by the chief constable of Bradford, while passing through that town. The chief constable, when the men were charged before the magistrates, said he had ordered them into custody for begging. The magistrates discharged the men, but said they would be sent to prison if they were again seen in the town with collecting cards or boxes.....The soldier McHand was hanged at Fort Garry for the murder of young Brown in June last. McHand, in a paper which he intended to read on the scaffold, attributed his crime to drunkenness and bad company. The execution was private. Hundreds, who came in from all parts of the province, were disappointed in not seeing the hanging..... At Balston Spa, N. Y., James H. Standish, was found guilty of murder in the second degree and sentenced to imprisonment at Dannemora for life for the murder of George W. See, in the town of Wilton, on the 28th of February last..... A special dispatch from Paris gives an account of the duel between Ferre de Couto and Senor Rosado. It says the affair came off with pistols on the Belgian frontier, and De Couto was dangerously wounded in the side.

At Shasta, California, John E. Baker, aged 26, and Charles Crouch, aged 18, were hanged, the former, for the murder of Geo. Kline, a mail rider, in December last, and the latter for the murder of Mrs. Radler, in January..... In his answer to the divorce charge from Ann Eliza, Brigham Young replies, showing Ann Eliza to have been divorced from James L. Dee, Dec. 23, 1865, and states that the judgment was made at the request of Brigham Young in writing addressed to the presiding Judge. The claim is made that the Superior Court of the Territory having ruled that the Probate Court had no jurisdiction in divorce cases Ann Eliza still remains the wife of Dee. .....A boy 13 years old was gored and killed by a bull in Brooklyn..... The colored people of Marengo county, Alabama, have resolved that they do not desire nor ask for mixed schools, and that as for social relations, they are governed by the laws of nature, which cannot, even if desired, be controled, regulated, amended or repealed by any laws enacted by man..... An American protectorate is now virtually established and maintained on the Sandwich Islands.

It is believed that the new appropriation bill of the United States cuts of all traveling fees of United States Marshals, beyond actual traveling expenses..... There is an intense feeling of indignation in Memphis, Tenn., against the murderers of the negro prisoners at Trenton. The press of the city denounde them for their cowardly butchery. A Bluff City battalion of the State Guards have tendered their services to the Governor to bring them to punishment, and Gov. Brown offers a reward of $500 for the arrest of each of the jail breakers..... Senator Chandler's libel suit against the St. Louis *Republicans* and Detroit *Free Press* will come off before the next term of the Criminal Court at Washington, D. C..... The will of old John Harper, the noted horseman of Lexington, Ky., divides an estate of $500,000 among his nephews and nieces, cutting of his nephew John, without a penny..... Bowen has sued the Brooklyn *Argus* and the *Eagle* for libel growing out of statements made in the Beecher Scandal. Damages, $100,000 in each case..... A little Italian boy was whipped in the New York Five Points House of Industry so severely that he died..... Ex-Gov. A. A. Hammond, of Indiana, died in Denver, Col.

Thomas Burke, Chairman on Greeley Statue, of the Printers Union, writes that what the printers of New York and the United States propose to erect to the memory of Horace Greeley, is a modest monument over his grave in Greenwood Cemetery, consisting of a granite base some ten feet high, surmounted by a life-size statue of our late friend—the advocate and defender of our rights. He says they have very fair prospects of being able to place the statue in position within the next six months..... Leonard Lundquist, a fugitive from Sweden, was before a New York United States Commissioner on charge of burglary. He was formerly a merchant in Stockholm, and was in good circumstances. He bought $12,000 worth of coffee in that city, put it in a storehouse, and got a large advance on it. Then he broke into the storehouse, took the coffee, and sold it for cash. With the proceeds, about $20,000, he fled from the country, and was arrested in Philadelphia. He acknowledged his guilt, and was locked up to await a requisition from Sweden..... William B. Curtis of the Athletics was the winner of the single-scull championship of the last Saratoga regatta. The pair-cared race was won by the Argonauts..... Many persons remember the commotion created in Europe a few years ago by the baptism of a Jewish boy named Mortara. This young man is at this moment an Augustine monk in the monastery of Notre Dame de Beauchene..... Female physicians are popular in London, and strange to say they are especially popular with their own sex.

In New York city a number of disgraceful performances have lately taken place at the society balls. The police have determined to break them up, and arrests and the punishment of whole troops of actors and ballet girls have been the result..... Three negroes were discovered in the Tennessee River, bound to three logs of wood and each with a halter around his neck. Attached to them was a cardboard bearing the inscription, "They have a free ticket to New Orleans. Please let them pass."..... It is argued in France that as the death penalty for political offences is abolished, and as Bazaine was sentenced to death, therefore his offence was not political and he is subject to extradition from any country with which France has an extradition treaty. On the other hand it is argued that his offence is one against the military code and not against the municipal law, and therefore he is not subject to extradition.

An explosion occurred in a coal mine at Dour, Belgium. It is feared that few of the miners who were at work at the time can be saved..... The Conservatives of the Second District of Virginia have nominated the Hon. John Goode for Congress..... The Democrats of the first District of Georgia have unanimously nominated Julian Hartridge..... The Democrats of the Ninth Kentucky District have nominated the Hon. Lamson Cochrane of Estill county, for Congress..... S. A. Cobb was renominated for Congress by the Republicans of the Second District of Kansas. .....The Republicans of the Sixth Illinois District nominated Col. Thomas J. Henderson for Congress..... The boiler in Shippen's stave mill in Meadville, Pa., exploded. Philip Ubeck was killed, and several others slightly injured. The mills were completely demolished..... The civil guards over Bazaine, who were arrested at Ste. Marguerite on charge of connivance at his escape, have been released. .....The cotton crop in one of the districts of Vera Cruz, Mexico, which last year yielded 300,000 pounds, this year exceeds 600,000 pounds..... The sale of ten Bonapartist journals, all published in the French provinces, has been prohibited by orders from the Minister of the Interior..... The eruption of Mt. Etna shows no sign of abatement. The inhabitants are fleeing from the villages at the foot of the mountain, but it is thought no harm will be done. The direction taken by the lava streams is remote from the cultivated parts of the mountain..... The Martini-Henry rifle, which has been supplied lately to the British army, is found to have so violent a recoil that the men are afraid to fire it..... In Michigan there are seventy-nine Episcopal ministers.

A Mrs. Peters, living in Jersey City, attempted the old fashioned style of extinguishing a kerosene lamp by blowing. She blew the flames into the oil and a terrible explosion followed. The burning oil was scattered over her, and in a few seconds she was entirely enveloped in flames. Her cries for help were loud and agonizing. Her husband was absent at the time. Several passersby, who saw the woman in her agony, running up and down the room, ran up stairs, and, with great presence of mind, threw a blanket over her and extinguished the flames, but not before she was fatally burned. Her hands, face and body were almost burned to a crisp, and her injuries were fatal..... A new method of navigation was successfully tried on Long Island Sound. A boat was drawn by a kite twenty-two miles in three hours and a quarter, no other motive power being used..... The commission designated by the U. S. Secretary of the Treasury to locate sites for life-saving stations upon the coasts of Virginia, Maryland and Delaware, has completed its labors, having located stations in the vicinity of the following named points: The southermost point Smith's Island, Va.; on Cobb's Island, Va.; on Hog Island, abreast of the lighthouse on Cedar Island. Va.; immediately north of Watchapregue inlet, at a point near Chincoteague inlet, Va.; on the beach north of Green Run inlet, Md.; on the beach north of Indian River inlet, Del., near Rehoboth Bay, and on the beach, one-half mile south of Cape Henlopen lighthouse, Del.

LIFE IN ICELAND.

An Interesting Sketch of the Island and its People.

Dr. Hayes, writing of Iceland to the *Herald*, says:

About every house in Reikiavik there is a little garden, and very pretty and fresh and well cultivated many of them are. It was a great change, therefore, after leaving this little snuggery by the sea, and coming out into the country, to find ourselves in an almost perfectly barren desert. Not a tree or the semblance of one, not even of the most tiny description, was anywhere to be seen, not even the little dwarf willows and birches which occur everywhere in Greenland, and which I have met there on mountain sides more than fifteen hundred feet above the sea. Indeed, until we had gone inland quite ten miles, I discovered no trace of them, and scarcely any of the very pretty Icelandic heather, and not much of the stonecrop, which is hardy enough almost to grow on a glacier. Here and there, however, there was discovered a little grass of very pale green color, and when a patch of it was descried a long way off, the size of an ordinary pocket handkerchief, by our spare ponies, away they all darted for it, pell-mell; the pack animals also dashed away after them, rattling the sacks to the infinite risk of the destruction of everything eatable and drinkable in them. Away went the guides in pursuit, shouting and whipping the air, as if the air only were at fault and not the ponies, and away with them dashed our Iceland friend on two legs of his indignant filly.

A few miles out from the town there is a long strip of meadow land, near some little lakes, through which lies the road to Eyrarbakla and the southern coast. This furnishes pasturage for the great multitude of horses required for the inhabitants of Reikiavik. The King's ponies were there, and a dozen or more guides were gathering them together to take them into town in readiness for the start which was to occur about noon. When turned out to graze in this manner the ponies are hobbled by having their fore legs tied together within about six inches of each other. Of course they cannot walk, and, therefore, cannot stray away, and they can be caught when wanted, which would not otherwise happen, for if there is one thing which an Iceland pony dislikes more than another, it is to be caught. In order to get from place to place as they nibble the grass, they are compelled to lift both fore legs at once, and it is rather amusing to see two or three hundred of them skipping about on their hind legs like kangaroos or rabbits in a warren.

On the opposite side of the path there is another low plain which does not, however, furnish pasturage, but fuel. It is a vast peat bog, and such beds are very numerous over the island. Many families in Reikiavik use it for fuel entirely; while all use it more or less, mixing it with coal, which is, of course, imported from abroad, mainly from Great Britian. None of this coal, however, finds its way into the interior. In places where turf is not found, so far as I have observed, they are sufficiently supplied with birch brush, which, while it gives little warmth, furnishes fuel for cooking—and, in truth, this is all the average islander ever does with fire. Except on the seaboard I did not see a single stove, and there was no means whatever provided for warming the houses. This I was not prepared to see in so cold and bleak a country. Even in Greenland the Esquimaux have the means of warming their huts. But it may be said that the Icelandic hut is almost impenetrable to the cold.

In the seaboard towns, where timber can be landed from ships, as at Reikiavik, you see many neat, little, nicely painted, framed cottages, warmed in winter as any cottage would be warmed elsewhere; but those not so situated, and those in Reikiavik not rich enough to afford timber, build great walls of turf and stones. I measured one that was eight feet in thickness. Usually the gables are of wood, painted, or rather pitched, black, and the interior is lined with planed boards, and the floor is laid with boards. Even this I found to be the case miles and miles inland; and one can readily understand the labor and bother of getting a sufficient supply from the capital over such villainous roads upon the backs of these little Icelandic ponies. Yet they have an eye to comfort even here, and do the best they know to make life enjoyable.

They seem quite contented with their lot, and, like the Swiss, the Icelander loves his rugged mountains and his farm life. Very few of them emigrate to other countries. A small number went to America a short time ago and founded a colony in Wisconsin; but it is said in Reikiavik that the most doleful accounts are returned from there, and those who had entertained the idea of following them have become discouraged from so doing. I learned, however, that an effort had been made to get together a party this season, and under the promise of being taken out by some contractor or other, a few had converted all their earthly possessions into ready money; but the contractor did not come in his steamer, according to agreement, and so, to the great present inconvenience of a few who find themselves without house or home and with nothing in the world but a few rix-dollars, but I have no doubt to the happiness, if not the future comfort, of a great many more, there will be no additions this year at least to the American colony.

I asked our young guide why he did not go to America. "I don't know," he said, and then seriously added, "why should I?" When I looked at his bright, happy face I knew him to be intelligent, and he seemed to have no unsupplied want except books. I must confess this was a poser. However, I replied in the only way I could, "Would you not be better off there?" Whereupon he put an end to all further questions on that subject by saying that he did not want to be better off. He was quite satisfied as he was. Indeed, he might go very much further and fare considerably worse. He lives with his uncle Zeoga, from whom we hired our horses, in a comfortable little farm house, in Reikiavik, and his uncle is the owner of a great many horses and two fishing smacks, and the boy seems to enjoy this rough riding as guide over the country. He is a good guide and an excellent horseman, if horsemanship may, in any sense, be said to consist in thoroughly managing an Icelandic pony.

MISFORTUNES. — How misfortunes come not singly, but in battalions, is shown in the misfortunes of State Treasurer Raines, of New York. In addition to the death of his wife, his business troubles, the disasters brought on by Phelps, and his own dangerous illness, he is now overtaken by another crushing blow, in the death of his only daughter eight years old.

Genius is nothing but the desire, power and persistence for lofty work. The eminence of great men consists almost altogether in activity superior to the general.

Prejudice squints when it looks and lies when it talks.

Medical Maniacs.

There are numbers of medical men so wedded to the old formulas, that all changes seem to them like innovations. These medical maniacs are, fortunately, incapable of much mischief in this practical age. While the Vinegar Bitters are curing indigestion, nervous debility, constipation, and countless other diseases that defy the remedies of the pharmacopœia, it is impossible to thrust down the throats of intelligent invalids heroic doses of mineral poison, or persuade them to take adulterated alcohol, impregnated with cheap astringents, as a healing balm or a balsamic preparation. Vinegar Bitters, a pure botanical tonic and alterative, guiltless of the curse of distilled or fermented liquor, is actually accomplishing what the mineral and alcoholic cure-mongers have so incessantly promised, but have never yet performed. Under these circumstances, it is no wonder that this medicine has taken precedence of all those burning fluids, miscalled tonics.—*Com.*

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We shall soon have cool weather, and then every man and boy should wear Elmwood Collars. You need not adopt the Mexican costume, but can wear something between the